

Vietnam Must Choose *The Editors*

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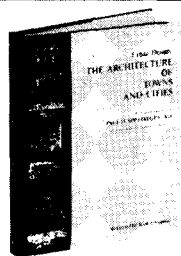
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"Morale Has Improved"

★ We turn in time of crisis to *Time's* cover story of Premier Ky of last February 18. "Morale has improved immeasurably," it explained. "Largely silenced were the quarrels between Catholics and Buddhists, the demonstrations of students, the simmering discontent in sections of the armed forces."

What had dawned, *Time* hopefully explained, was "the New Realism" in conjunction with President Johnson's abrupt flight to Honolulu to meet Ky. The trip was made hastily, we would have said, except that we have been told by Bill Moyers, presidential assistant, that Mr. Johnson is not impulsive. Yet Mr. Moyers is an uncertain witness. On March 18 he told a group, "Not long ago he called me and said, 'Bill, I'm going to Honolulu.' I said, 'Fine, Mr. President; I'll come over and talk to you about it. Where are you?' He said, 'Over Los Angeles'." Sounds impulsive to us.

That Johnson trip is the theme of *Time's* article, and it seems in retrospect to have been Premier Ky's undoing. Or at least that is the way it looks as we are writing this. *Time* drew a bright contrast between Mr. Johnson's trip and the gloomy Fulbright hearings that were going on at home. Foreign expert George Kennan had just testified that "Vietnam is not a region of major military-industrial importance." *Time* brushed him off as an "isolationist." Senator J. W. Fulbright deprecated the Honolulu meeting as "a further obstacle to a negotiated settlement." *Time* retorted that Fulbright had never voted for a civil rights bill in his life. That seemed to dispose of

the issue. It added that Fulbright had a "blind spot" to Communism's "fanatical dream of world domination."

Well, anyway, there was Premier Ky in comforting contrast to all this; no longer the "trigger-happy general," *Time* proclaimed, who at one time suggested that "South Vietnam needed someone like Hitler to solve its problems," but a fine fellow, who had "matured to his heavy responsibilities."

We don't mean to abuse Premier Ky, however, now that he is in trouble; the situation is far too serious for that. President Johnson's role, however, deserves consideration. By going to Honolulu, by identifying himself with Ky, Mr. Johnson probably precipitated the crisis.

We may be wrong but we believe that the President would like to extricate us from Vietnam, but only after first chalking up a "victory." We see him visualizing himself as a kind of consensus-broker, keeping a middle course between doves and hawks, doing in foreign affairs what he has done so often in domestic affairs, finding solutions by agile maneuvers and startling stratagems. But this is a more trying and baffling experience, he discovers, one in which he has never engaged before. At the best of times, the President is not patient with those who thwart him. He had sharp words for mild Mike Mansfield who came back from Saigon and produced an ominous five-man report saying that the war was open-ended and could not be won by force.

Dealing with Fulbright

★ Mr. Johnson told callers that his majority leader was a cross between Burt Wheeler and Jeanette Rankin (two pacifists of earlier days). When the Fulbright hearings began, the President fumed. Most observers agree with *Time's* own explanation of the hasty trip to Honolulu: "A compelling though unacknowledged reason for the sudden decision was the opportunity it gave the President to steal the spotlight from the Fulbright committee's televised hearings on the war." With a back look at Fulbright, Mr. Johnson observed on arriving at Hawaii that "only the callous or the timid" could ignore the cause for which South Vietnam fought.

You can pick the story up from there. Until Honolulu, General Ky was premier in name only; he was just one vote in a 10-man military directorate. After feeling Lyndon's arm around his neck, Ky decided he could move against his main rival, General Thi. Others were aware of Ky's possible ascendancy, too, including ambitious Tri Quang, the Buddhist leader. And so street demonstrations started, the anti-US slogans, the charges that Ky had become an American puppet.

Few congressmen TRB talked to wanted to speak publicly about the situation. Furthermore, they were headed home over Easter to feel the pulse of constituents. They might talk when they returned. But off the record they were a gloomy and unhappy bunch (and we shared their mood). How could as shrewd a politician as Johnson have identified himself so with Ky? Did the Americans in Saigon really know what was going on? It was more than anything, perhaps, the anti-American banners that did it, the forced evacuation of Americans from Hue, the need to save ourselves from the people whom we were saving.

And many congressmen asked, "Where do we go from here?" Put in more troops? Alas, the more we put in the more the South Vietnamese government is dwarfed, the more prices rise, and the more the suspicion grows that the war-racked little country's independence and sovereignty have become mere shadows.

The pending business, when the Senate gets back after Easter, will be the Dirksen constitutional amendment to wreck the one-man, one-vote decision, and bring back rotten boroughs. Here the Supreme Court intervened to save Congress. We hope Ev gets his comeuppance. But it is discouraging that Congress must be saved always from the outside.

The ignoble feature in Washington is Congress. It is no match for growing executive power, because it won't reform itself.

The old political shakedown system puts half of Congress in hock to rich contributors.

And Congress shows no sign of opening the door to campaign finance reform by giving a small tax exemption to contributions.

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Vietnam Must Choose

Once more the Administration's "experts" on Vietnam have been proved wrong. They advised President Johnson that General Ky, the Prime Minister of South Vietnam, was the man to back. Mr. Johnson accordingly invited Ky to Honolulu, pledged him undying American friendship and planned with him a long-term strategy for South Vietnam's future. That sealed Ky's fate. Now the same "experts" are busily spreading the word that Ky has no American endorsement. This sort of behavior is par for the course as far as they are concerned. Caught flat-footed by almost every one of South Vietnam's innumerable political crises, they've invariably sought to show that some other fellow not they misjudged the situation. Ky returned from Honolulu to Saigon to face a rising storm of criticism that last week became a howling gale. For him, the public embrace of the President of the United States was a political kiss of death. Back in his own country, he encountered mounting hostility. He was attacked as a "United States puppet," and for "acting like an adopted son of Johnson."

But even before he went to Honolulu he had no popular support in South Vietnam. What's more, every foreigner able to read beyond the headlines has known this for some time. Americans are the only people who didn't know, because they were never told. The truth about General Ky has been sedulously kept from them. They've been misled the way the British were, 30 years ago, when the then King of England was courting a Baltimore belle called Wally Simpson. Every American knew all about the king's amour, but the British were not allowed to know. When they found out, the shock was all the greater. That's how Americans have been treated, by their government and by most of their press, over Vietnam. No wonder that in a public opinion poll taken for NBC News, 59.6 percent replied "No!" when asked, "Has the White House been giving us all the truth about Vietnam?"

Nor have the lies and the half-truths referred only to General Ky's standing among his countrymen. We are now constantly told that the war in South Vietnam is being won - a bit of unwarranted optimism to which our military commander there, General William C. Westmoreland, has been careful not to subscribe. Here again, every foreigner knows, because his newspapers bluntly tell him, that the United States in spite of its quarter-of-a-million fighting men in South Vietnam, and its stepped-up bombing of both South and North, is making no real military progress. There are claims that we are killing a lot of

Viet Cong, but it's almost impossible to say how many people we really kill, or how many of those are hapless civilians. What is obvious is that, while the rate of infiltration into the South from North Vietnam is said to have gone up, not down, our heavy military tread is jarring and shaking South Vietnam's flimsy political and economic structure to pieces. On one hand an advanced Western technology is single-mindedly devoted to physical destruction in a simple peasant community, and on the other, in consequence, there is increasing South Vietnamese ineptitude and chaos.

The American people are kept from knowing the truth about Vietnam until it leaps out at them in unconcealable (and anti-American) civil tumult. Official Washington is hardly better off since it conceals the truth from itself by shutting its eyes. Who was it who imagined that summoning Ky to a summit meeting with President Johnson would bolster Ky? Nobody, surely, who knew anything about South Vietnamese public feeling toward Ky – or about Ky's own unstable, impetuous nature. Ky's status wasn't enhanced by the Honolulu meeting, but his ego was. He gathered enough self-esteem from President Johnson's handclasp to nerve him to remove his chief rival within the South Vietnamese military leadership, General Nguyen Chanh Thi – who helped unseat Ngo Dinh Diem and General Nguyen Khanh and now was given a golden excuse to unseat Ky. All Thi had to do was defy Ky; Ky's unpopularity ensured defiance would be contagious.

Demonstrations flared up in the cities of Hue and Danang as well as Saigon; American officials in South Vietnam dismissed the demonstrations as unimportant; last week bloodthirsty Saigon mobs were chasing Americans in the streets. It is important to record, and to insist, that from first to last the official "experts" who frame our Vietnam policy not only failed to foresee any of those happenings, but themselves forged one or two links in a chain of disaster. They were wrong about Ky, wrong about the Buddhists, wrong about the strength of public feeling in South Vietnam against the war and against the "foreigners," meaning Americans.

What ought this country to do now? A good many Americans may well be thinking, and saying to their families and friends, that here's *our* golden excuse to get ourselves out of a worsening tangle. If South Vietnamese soldiers, policemen, civil servants, monks, college and high school students and even little children are all shouting anti-American slogans, why on earth should we stay and have still more young Americans killed there? Though propagandists flushed with war fever will deny it, there is no doubt whatever that the country's mind is now moving along those lines. The Gallup Poll asked in a recent survey: "If a candidate in Congress in your district said that we should try harder to reach a compromise peace settlement in Vietnam,

would you be more inclined or less inclined to vote for him?" Sixty-seven percent replied that they would be more inclined. In a Harris Survey, people were asked how they would feel about turning over the entire Vietnam war problem to a United Nations committee, for a decision to be binding on all parties; the suggestion was favored by nearly 2-to-1. Now the matter may be taken out of American hands. If the outcome of current tumult in South Vietnam is an elected constituent assembly, it could very well vote into office a government that would seek to negotiate a cease-fire with the Viet Cong, as the first necessary step toward a political settlement with the National Liberation Front. For the evident American wish for a settlement in Vietnam is fully shared by the great mass of the Vietnamese; their one burning desire is for the fighting to stop.

Thus far, however, and in spite of some fair words, the Administration's attitude has been the same as that of General Ky, who said a few weeks ago (in an angry comment on Senator Robert Kennedy's proposal) that he would never negotiate with the National Liberation Front or the Viet Cong. If the South Vietnamese people by their own initiative acquire a civilian government willing to talk to the Viet Cong, what will the Administration decide then? Will it support a South Vietnamese government that is prepared to negotiate, as Senator Clark urged last month? Or would it abort such a government by force, as General Ky threatened as far back as 1964? Last week, unfortunately, all the indications pointed to the Administration sticking to its line. US Air Force planes carried two of the three battalions of South Vietnamese troops that Ky sent to crush the protesters in Danang. The air war is being intensified, in both the South and in the North. The Air Force has bombed and cut the northeast rail link between Hanoi and China, and this wasn't just vengeful tit-for-tat in response to the guerrilla bomb attack on an American military billet in Saigon. The bombing of North Vietnam is clearly being extended again to strategic targets, for the first time since bombing was suspended as part of President Johnson's peace offensive last year. Since the pause, bombing has been restricted to military targets well away from population centers, but our planes are once more getting close to Hanoi, and bombing of the Haiphong port area is now under consideration. (The Joint Chiefs of Staff want to destroy petroleum installations there.)

The Administration's reasoning on extended bombing is curious; initially bombing was intended to stop or slow down infiltration, now it's said there has to be more bombing. Why? Because since our bombing started, infiltration instead of diminishing has increased, and "the enemy in the South is fighting with more and better weapons." This in spite of the fact that the intensity of our air raids has increased threefold.

Brother-Sister Act

Big Brother has been poking around the house so long we hardly notice him. But we're just beginning to get used to Big Sister, though she too has been snooping about for years. The pair of them, J. Edgar Hoover and Frances Knight, are beings "darkly wise and rudely great," seeing-eyes without which odd, subversive citizens would walk the streets unwatched. His Federal Bureau of Investigation is housed in the Justice Department. But except for a brief interlude when an Attorney General had a brother in the White House, no one has thought the FBI anything but an independent enclave. Her Passport Office is, according to the

Table of Organization, a part of the State Department and subject to its regulations. But that has been a disguise for the entertainment of the innocent.

Mr. Hoover's name was last linked with Miss Knight's when it became known that her office was trying to help him get the goods on American Tourists (suspected Communist sympathizers) when they travel abroad. Since the FBI cannot legally snoop on Americans overseas, Miss Knight has been helping out by relaying requests for pertinent information to US Embassies. Most of it consisted of clippings from foreign newspapers. That friendly endeavor, however, is no longer possible under new rules laid down last week. Henceforth, all such FBI requests will be seen and



Osborn

screened by the Attorney General. Miss Knight isn't going to like that. In a 1962 interview she was quoted as "having no confidence" in the Justice Department. Responsibility for relaying any requests to embassies will rest henceforth with the State Department's ably run Bureau of Intelligence and Research.

Transmitting FBI messages was just one of many activities Miss Knight has engaged in over the years in support of worthy causes. The diversity of her endeavors has been so wide it has been hard to identify her superior. Is it Mr. Hoover, the Republican National Committee (for which she has written some strong pieces), Secretary Rusk, the Administrator of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs or Admiral Rayburn of the Central Intelligence Agency?

In 1963, Miss Knight was instructed to get rid of a private line she maintained to CIA. Perhaps she did. Anyway, the line seems to be in again, with an added touch. The *New York Herald Tribune* reported last week that Miss Knight had ordered a special "scrambler" telephone on which she could communicate directly with the CIA. She is thereby protected from anyone in her Department wishing to tap her phone.

Where Are They Now?

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has been in this country since September, provoking speculation that the Generalissimo's wife has come to forestall any sellout to Red China. She and her entourage of military aides were welcomed in Washington by Dean Rusk, and shortly after her arrival, Madame Chiang talked with the President, took tea with Mrs. Johnson and was the guest at a luncheon given by the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, L. Mendel Rivers. She has dined with Sens. John Sparkman, Everett Dirksen, Thomas Dodd and Leverett Saltonstall. Sen. Richard Russell took her on a tour of Wesleyan College at Macon, Georgia, where she had once gone to school. In October, there was a sumptuous affair at the home of the Chinese Ambassador, attended by Senator Dodd, J. Edgar Hoover (who rarely appears at public functions) and an assortment of diplomatic and Pentagon officials interested in the Far East. Soon thereafter, Madame Chiang moved into a mansion within walking distance of Secretary Robert McNamara's home; her stepson Gen. Chiang Ching-kuo who hopes to succeed Chiang Kai-shek was recently McNamara's house guest.

Madame Chiang has appeared at the National Press Club to say a few biting things about the hearings on China being conducted by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. She condoled with the Vice President for being a target of Chinese Communist abuse which, however, she implied was his just reward for seeming

to take a somewhat milder line toward Peking. "I hope," she said, "Mr. Humphrey is not too put out by the ravings of madmen hell-bent on world destruction, although I must say the insults are calculated to humiliate him as much as possible, and that he in personifying the alleged new American policy would aim to return for more of the same so that the Chinese Communists could heap more obloquy and more verbal refuse on his head for the world to see. . . . Is it that pampering and mollicoddling of the violent insane will replace therapy and cure, or is it that the symptoms were correctly diagnosed and purposely fuddy-duddied to make the United States look ridiculous . . . ?"

Last week, Madame Chiang was in New York, but was expected to return to Washington soon to resume her informal contacts.

White House Staff

Lyndon Johnson has traded a star pitcher with a brilliant, if occasionally erratic, performance record for two utility infielders of proved competence. Out went McGeorge Bundy, who as special assistant for national security affairs had carved out a sizable territory for himself: he was the effective middleman in the administration of foreign policy. He presented alternatives, then carried them out after a presidential decision. But his influence on the decisions grew steadily. He knew the territory and guarded every inch of it. (Once he burst into the office of his fellow-assistant, Joseph Califano and shouted: "Who the ---- do you think you are, sending *Hello, Dolly!* to Vietnam?") One of the most successful politicians in the Academic Establishment in recent generations, Bundy was somewhat less successful in the new politics of the White House. The President has said in the month since Bundy left, "We're not going to have another Bundy around here."

Taking some of his duties, but not his role, is Walt Whitman Rostow, who started out in the same job when John Kennedy came to power in 1961. Bundy never really got along well with Rostow in the White House. Rostow took care of the little things which bored Bundy or for which he had little time — foreign aid and the difficulties US advisers were having in a backwater country called Vietnam. Then the policy planning council job opened up at the end of 1961, and Rostow moved out of the White House and into State.

What political implications his return will have are hard to predict. Mr. Johnson twice moved to the brink of appointing Rostow to his staff, twice stepped back, and then took the plunge. Rostow is a talented generalist. Some of his colleagues criticize what they call his "intellectual arrogance," but he does not have the jealousy of personal prerogatives that characterized

Bundy. Rostow likes to present prepackaged, synthesized opinions about practically everything; Bundy tended to analyze the ideas of others. During the 1961 Berlin crisis, Rostow advocated the hardest of lines; he is reported to have "bought" completely the position of General Clay. He was "hard" on Laos, too. Now on Vietnam, he favors suspension of bombings, primarily because of his conception of guerrilla wars – they must be won on the ground, there must be social reform and so forth. But in terms of maintaining the US position, he is by no means a "dove." On less acutely critical matters – disarmament, the Alliance for Progress, foreign aid and economic development – he is close to the tone of the Kennedy Administration and quite disliked by the Cold Warriors. The President may hope that Rostow will be able to help bring the intellectual drop-outs back on his team, but it is not likely. Rostow has been too long in the Administration dugout.

Coming into the White House with Rostow is Robert Kintner, a new-breed tycoon, who has been president of both the American and the National Broadcasting Companies. Kintner is unlike the hero-worshipping, self-deprecating types that so often inhabit the White House. He is brash, authoritarian, unanonymously. He takes pride in working 17 hours a day and falling asleep at his desk at midnight. People at NBC say he always had an air of "studied weariness." His job – cabinet secretary and departmental liaison – is not much; presumably, he will do much more on an informal basis. The President is increasingly drawn to "media" men – and to television. He asked CBS' Frank Stanton to come into the Administration, considered TV newsman Ray Shearer for a job, and did appoint NBC's John Chancellor to head the US Information Agency. When decision-makers disagree, let the image-makers speak.

Teapot Tempest

Democrats in the House of Representatives are fidgeting. Their edginess is not unexceptional during the second year of a presidential term, when a member of their party is in the White House. Congressional shoulders begin to ache from the repeated presidential clutch. Moreover, the Representatives must begin to anticipate judgment by their constituents. It will not do to be thought a "rubber-stamp." Little gestures of defiance, however meaningless, are in order. All this is illustrated by a minor rebellion last week of Democrats from Colorado, Nebraska, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Alaska and Hawaii. The rebellion had nothing to do with Vietnam, or any other issue of importance; it was triggered by what the Representatives considered a

betrayal of confidence.

All the Democrats in the House are grouped by geographical zone. Each zone has a "whip." The Majority Whip, Hale Boggs, customarily calls each of his 18 zone whips and tells them there will be a vote the following week on a certain bill. Each is asked to check with members in his zone and find out how they plan to vote – yes, no, undecided. The zone whip then reports back to Mr. Boggs, who in turn meets with the Democratic top brass to go over the results. This meeting is attended by the Speaker of the House, the Majority Leader and probably the Postmaster General. If a labor bill is under consideration, the AFL-CIO legislative representative, Andrew Biemiller, will be present; if it's a civil rights bill, Clarence Mitchell of the NAACP. They go down the list, marking who is against, for or undecided. The labor representative may say "Well, I'll go and get him"; the White House representative may say "We'll get to him"; or the Speaker may take responsibility for persuading an indecisive or contrary member.

The zone whip of the Western states, Rep. Tom Morris of New Mexico, learned that within hours after he had polled his colleagues and reported their positions on an upcoming labor bill, some of them had the bite put on by the White House or by AFL-CIO representatives. Mr. Morris, a man of no great achievements, took umbrage. Several colleagues had called him, told of the pressures being applied and said they didn't like it. Mr. Morris submitted his resignation as whip.

At that point, Rep. Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, dean of Western Democrats in the House, called them together and delivered a 30-minute diatribe on improper intervention in the affairs of the legislature. Mr. Aspinall is a former schoolteacher and takes a schoolteacher's view of a distinct separation between executive and legislative powers. Western congressmen have high regard for Mr. Aspinall, for he is chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, which passes out large reclamation projects and keeps a watch on what is done with public lands. So when Mr. Aspinall denounced this outrageous behavior by his party leaders, his colleagues cheered him on.

Finally, Mr. Morris was persuaded to withdraw his resignation; the rebels voted full confidence in him, and at the same time asked Mr. Aspinall to advise the House leadership that in the future, Mr. Boggs would not be told how each intended to vote, but instead would be given only a total figure, names absent, of yeas, nays and undecideds.

The separation of powers was vindicated, the independence of the Representatives was asserted, and nobody had the indelicacy to remind the indignant congressmen of what they already knew – that pressure is part of politics.

Car Safety

John S. Bugas, the vice president of Ford, is swinging wildly when he suggests that Congress put off auto safety legislation, and instead place its faith in the industry's pledge to establish a special board to set safety standards on new cars. No such intra-company board could function without approval of the Justice Department, which might well view it as a restraint on competition. The Justice Department is now investigating the auto makers to see whether they conspired to stall development of an advanced exhaust system; it seems improbable that the federal government would want to give Detroit broader license to do the same sort of thing again.

The automobile manufacturers are at the bitter end. They persuaded the Administration to write a weak bill on car safety, one that calls for standards only if and when the Secretary of Commerce feels they may be necessary. However, Sen. Warren Magnuson, whose Commerce Committee must pass on the legislation, wants to stiffen it by making federal standards mandatory. That is the view too of Sens. Abraham Ribicoff and Robert Kennedy, both of whom have taken a leading role in developing legislation. Bugas' proposal was a final, frantic effort to slide around Senator Mag-

nuson. The Senators took it with a grain of salt.

Sen. Walter Mondale of Minnesota is even more skeptical. He has introduced legislation that would make car manufacturers liable to both civil and criminal action in cases where they had not notified owners of known defects in cars they produce. This is a step in the right direction. Today, manufacturers usually send such notification only to the dealers, not owners.

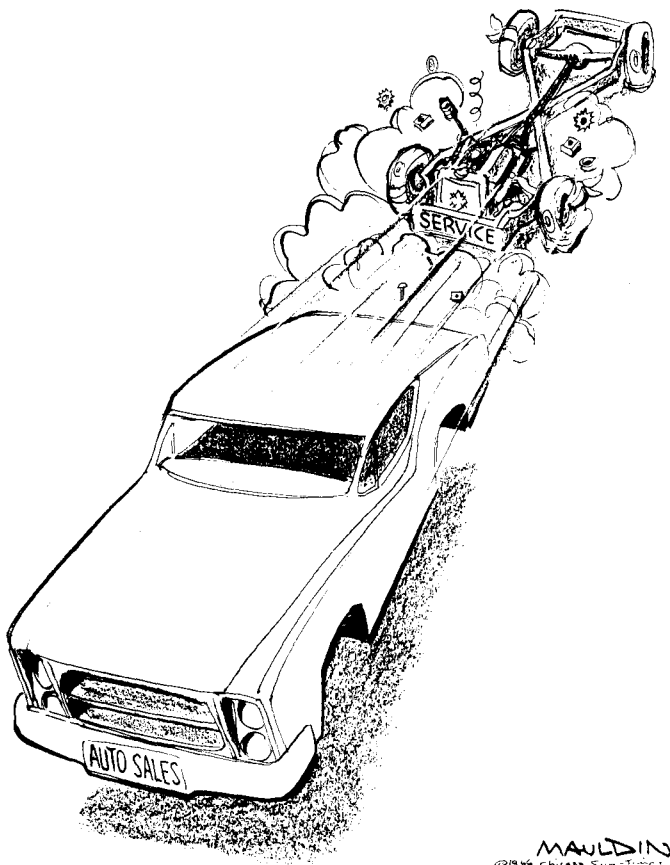
The Kick

Dubiously flushed by their implausible successes over the years in prohibiting the consumption of liquor and preventing the use of destructive narcotics, government agencies are turning their efforts to stamping out less harmful and, some contend, nonaddictive drugs. A few weeks ago, former Harvard professor Timothy Leary was sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment for bringing marijuana (nontoxic, possibly nonaddictive) into the US from Mexico. Last week, Food and Drug Administration Commissioner James F. Goddard wrote to 2,000 colleges urging "concerted action" against hallucinogenic drugs, such as LSD-25, which are currently popular in the collegiate-bohemian set.

Administrative controls are not likely to suppress drug use. Despite the efforts of local and federal agencies, marijuana is more widely used now than 10 years ago. It is easy to find in every city (anyone who wants to, can grow it in his backyard); and LSD is easy to produce with little more than a souped-up chemistry set.

More and more young people are taking "pot" and "acid" (marijuana and LSD) for the same basic reason that they are surfing, frugging and digging Bob Dylan songs. They seek the inner "kick" that heightens perception, sensitivity, awareness. In *The Uncommitted*, a landmark study of alienation among college students, Kenneth Keniston points out that "the effort to perceive and feel deeply, clearly, intensely, truly," is a defining characteristic of today's alienated youth. Baffled by chronic social change, unconvinced by cosmic theories, believing only in the impermanence of things, they focus on their own experience as the only constant in the world. We are likely to see more rather than fewer examples of alienated behavior as the process continues.

Notwithstanding Dr. Goddard's fears, there is hardly any clinical evidence of permanent harm from LSD. In most cases the effects seem no more unpleasant than the consequences of an old-fashioned boozy college weekend. Prohibition, quite aside from the matter of infringement of civil liberties, will create more problems than it solves — as the history of alcohol and narcotics suppression indicates. Attacking society's minor symptoms, *without* recognizing society's major disease which causes them, is a fruitless pursuit.



Over-Powered

The Strenuous Life of California Politics

Californians complain that Easterners don't understand their political vagaries. Who could? The almost daily sensations – Ronald Reagan's huff with Negro leaders, the Lloyd Hand candidacy for lieutenant governor, Mayor Sam Yorty's ukase on Vietnam from the Los Angeles City Hall – all bewilder home-grown voters as much as they tickle the nation.

The candidacy of President Johnson's Chief of Protocol, Lloyd Hand, showed that Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown isn't running the Democratic show; *his* candidate, so it has been assumed, is the incumbent Glenn Anderson. Unshockable political reporters believe that the entry of the 37-year-old Texan indicates a Washington-rigged deal to somehow make Brown a federal appointee before his third term expires – provided he wins it. Certainly, Brown's campaign has been damaged by the sleight-of-Hand hints that Assemblyman Jesse Unruh, powerful Speaker of the House, made secret promises of enormous aid for the 37-year-old Texan.

Meanwhile, the governor's eight-year record in Sacramento is jeered at by Yorty, who will challenge Brown in the June 7 primary, as well as by disaffected members of the progressive California Democratic Council. Yorty claims he can defeat Brown and either Republican George Christopher or Reagan.

At first, the GOP saw their Messiah in Reagan. But his naïveté and his low boiling point have caused monied Republicans to take a second look. At a meeting where Reagan was taken to task for supporting Goldwater in 1964, the questioner implied that Reagan less than wholeheartedly supports civil rights. *Los Angeles Times* reporter Paul Beck told of an angry Reagan who "shouted in a voice cracking with emotion," and "slapped a clenched fist into his own palm and muttered inaudible words." Observers read between the lines. The *Times* thereafter carried a procession of news items listing former Reagan backers who were leaping on Christopher's bandwagon.

"Christopher hasn't a lot of political moxie," the vice president of a leading public relations firm admits, "but he can play it cool and waltz in like Murphy if the Democrats keep killing each other."

Although most Republicans are embarrassed by their Young Republicans (whose leaders seem to out-Birch Robert Welch whenever they sniff a reporter near), they are not unoptimistic. Thanks to the dollar pressure applied by George Kaiser and other fund-raisers, the treasury is in better shape than they let on. Except for

the governor's race, they are not bothered by internecine fights for other places on the state ticket. Finch, Nixon's old pal, seems a shoo-in for lieutenant governor, if his supporters' estimates are even close to the truth. Ivy Baker Priest lends a well-known name as GOP candidate for state treasurer.

Nothing like harmony is heard in the Democratic camp. The ouster of Simon Casady as head of the volunteer California Democratic Council in mid-February was a Pyrrhic victory for moderates. Casady was eased out after Governor Brown rebuked him for public sniping at President Johnson. (Casady called "school-teacher" Johnson inept and asked that the Viet Cong be recognized as a group of combatants in a "civil war.") Casady was bounced but the CDC turned around and passed a rather radical statement on Vietnam, demanded the recognition of Red China, and more than 200 delegates booed Brown before walking out on his speech. One female delegate screamed "God damn him! God damn him!" as Brown managed a smile while walking to the podium. The Hermosa Beach affiliate of CDC has passed a resolution calling for the rejection of Johnson and the nomination of Senator Wayne Morse for President in 1968! Increasingly, moderates in CDC have been eased out and replaced by persons active in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the Nonviolent Action Committee (NVAC), the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and other protest groups.

Hardly disinterested in this Democratic blood bath is Speaker Unruh, who has trimmed down his waistline to avoid the nickname "Big Daddy." An effective legislator with a liberal voting record, Unruh was contemptuous of the CDC long before it accused him of "boss-machine politics." That was in 1960, and things aren't any friendlier today. Unruh's campaign chest is full, thanks to a \$50-a-plate spectacular in the Hollywood Palladium which attracted 2,250 affluent diners. Unruh's friends on the State Central Committee are also rounding up dollars and candidates to run under the DVC (Democratic Volunteer Council) banner in opposition to CDC-endorsed slates in every assembly

COMING: *Special report*
on Washington—colonial
government in a
Negro city

district. Confidants of Mayor Yorty say Unruh is secretly behind their man. No doubt Unruh lacks enthusiasm for Brown, but more probably he will wage a lone-handed campaign for himself and be in a powerful position next November 9—irrespective of the other winners and losers.

Yorty's hopes rest on a private poll which he saw a few days before making his March 9 announcement that he was out to unseat Brown. It showed that Yorty could beat Brown in Southern California but lose to the governor in the North. Since a heavy preponderance of votes are in Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego Counties, that report was all the mayor needed.

Yorty has been in office or running since 1936. He has been a "fire-eater" since his days in the state assembly, though his critics charge that he talks a good fight but never gets hurt. Yorty served in Congress, broke with the CDC when refused an endorsement, and miraculously won the mayoralty race in 1961 when the *Los Angeles Times* and the other media dismissed him as an insignificant upstart. Carefully schooled by a host of former newspapermen who surround him, Yorty knows how to grab headlines. The Watts riots occurred while he was out of town (Brown was out of the state), and somehow all the onus has fallen on Lt. Gov. Glenn Anderson.

ROBERT A. RUTLAND

"You Never Know Who's Who in Vietnam"

Driving out of Baltimore to York the other day I spotted what I took to be two hitch-hiking students on the roadside. But it developed that they were ex-soldiers heading home to New Jersey after three vacation weeks in Miami, where, according to the one with whom I did most of the talking for the next 45 minutes or so, they had "pushed six bills over the counter" enjoying themselves. Six hundred dollars. Hmm. I asked him where he had spent his service time. Fifteen months in Vietnam, he said. Hundred first airborne. I was a scout.

What's that mean, being a scout? Out in the jungle, he said, me and one other guy, anywhere from two to four weeks on our own behind enemy lines. Except, he said, there's no such things as lines over there. The jungle, the countryside, it's all enemy territory. You get dropped by helicopter with knife, rifle, pistol, supplies, a mirror to signal helicopters if your rendezvous place and time gets fouled up by the VC, you sleep strapped in a tree with one eye open scared 24 out of 24 hours. Yeah, he said, that's one thing, you sure learn to live with being afraid.

So what's happening over there generally, I asked him, as far as you know? He gave me a look as if to say, get ready for this one. Then he said, we're losing, that's what's happening. At least we were up until I left, which was only a few months ago. My advice is for you to take all those casualty figures in the papers as not true. Man, he said, we could never find the VC in any size numbers at all. They just keep slipping away. Once in a while there's contact. I myself killed my share of those slant eyed-----, who, I can tell you firsthand by the way, are superb fighters.

How is that? They're on their home ground, he said. They're operating in their own land. Many of them

kids, 12 or 14 years of age. But the ones I felt sorry for, he went on, was our own kids, 18 and 19, thinking they knew all about jungle warfare from seeing it on television. The next thing—maimed for life if not dead. He took a deep drag on the cigarette he was smoking and then said, just one way to win in that place and that's drop the H-bomb on the whole creeping jungle. Yes, I said, but then everybody loses. Sure, he said, that's right, but what's your option?

He had been an enlisted man, he told me a bit later, and had considered reenlisting, which they wanted him to do. But in Hong Kong me and the doctor, the shrinker doctor, head-shrinker, decided I had enough. So then they told me, all right now, you're going back to civilian life, forget everything we taught you and adjust yourself. Here he laughed a bit. Adjust! I know 19 ways to kill a man. I react that way when anybody brushes against me especially when I'm drinking in a barroom. Down in Miami one night I put three on the floor in 10 seconds. His friend, sitting in the back seat, said, Yeah, he did that.

Just before they got out of the car I asked if they had made any money in Vietnam beyond their servicemen's pay. Sure, said the talkative one, plenty, black market. What did you sell? Ammunition, guns, medicine, mostly sulfa and penicillin, they crave that stuff. Who's they? I said. Well, he said, now you never know who's who in Vietnam, you got no way of knowing. But possibly, I said, you were selling to the enemy.

Very possibly, he said. Why not? Man, there's big shots here safe at home making millions out of this war. And politicians sending kids out to fight for a piece of real estate they want as a base in Asia. They're money-minded, he said. So am I.

JAMES HIGGINS

LBJ Meets the Press . . . Sort of

by Richard L. Strout

Franklin Roosevelt, in a little over three terms, had 998 press conferences: twice a week before the war; once a week during the war. When I refer to a press conference I mean one announced in advance and held in Washington: I do not mean a sudden, spur-of-the-minute affair, nor yet an ambulatory press conference where the President strides around the flower beds and the puffing press pursues him.

Mr. Truman, if my figures are right, had well over 300; General Eisenhower cut the number down to 200, and President Kennedy in his bright 1,000 days had a conference about once a fortnight.

Alas, this tradition has not continued in recent days. President Johnson has been one of the most accessible men to the press of any President; that is, in informal gatherings, meetings with individual bureau chiefs or tips to favorite correspondents. But as for formal press conferences, I can only figure that he had nine last year. So far in 1966 he has held only one.

I think the "formal" press conference is important. In the first place, what is said is on the record. It cannot be contradicted or thrown down next day. A press conference that is scheduled in advance brings in the reporters who are experts or specialists who have something special to ask which only the President can answer. A formal conference brings in somebody besides the White House "regulars." Twenty or 30 newsmen are assigned to the White House at all times. They go with the Chief Executive on trips, they follow him to Texas or Honolulu. They include top-notch reporters but they are, willy-nilly, part of the family. They have to keep on living with Mr. Johnson, no matter how sharp a question they ask. They are a kind of White House bodyguard. At a formal press conference as many as 300 correspondents may be present and the whole thing is on a more impersonal level. Another thing: a formal question-and-answer exchange is a psychologically sound method of presenting complicated government issues in a way that the public can understand.

It is my contention that under present conditions something traditional and valuable is being lost in Washington. In this loss the press is being diminished,

This is excerpted from the George Polk Memorial lecture given by Mr. STROUT, of the Washington bureau of The Christian Science Monitor, on the occasion of the 1966 George Polk Memorial awards.

and the country is dropping a safeguard. President Johnson himself is a big loser.

There is always the danger for any President that he lose touch. He can't always be out traveling or campaigning. It is just when he is busiest, with a war on, that he may be most cut off. One way of keeping in touch is to let the big, awkward, variegated press corps into his presence. There is no other way for the American public, through the press, to tell the President, face to face, what worries it. Harry Truman put it better than I can: The Chief Executive should meet newsmen once a week, he said, *to find out "what's on the public's mind."*

What's the good of a big conference if only a dozen or so reporters actually ask questions? There is something more than just asking questions. The press wants to know how the President looks, how he reacts, how he feels; the regular, renewed revelation of his manner and mood; there are judgments to be made of his physical and emotional state, prompted by spontaneous questions.

All free governments have some means of subjecting their executive to interrogation. In Great Britain, the executive comprises 40 men of ministerial rank. The cabinet undergoes question time, an hour a day, four days a week, in parliament. But in the US the executive is all rolled into one. No other democracy has an elected leader with such enormous, such awful power. It is the power of peace and war. There is no question time in Congress. Where a modern President foregoes the regular press conference – and I acknowledge it has many faults and is time-consuming and even irksome – you are apt to get a substitute: government by leak, information by seepage, news-ooze.

Let me illustrate. In the Sunday *New York Times* of March 6, on the editorial page, appeared an article by C. L. Sulzberger. Sentence after sentence began "Mr. Johnson believes . . ." – "Mr. Johnson reckons . . ." – "The President is himself convinced . . ." – "What deeply concerns the President. . . ." The gist of the article was that Americans, in Mr. Johnson's view, tend to become more belligerent as war continues, and he is afraid of the hawks rather than the doves if frustration mounts.

Very likely this is true. But is this the right way to put such matters out? Scripps-Howard columnist Lyle Wilson on March 10, referring to quite another matter, cited "these faceless, perhaps irresponsible sources of

vital news." Lyle Wilson's deduction was that we are in for a long war, and "Mr. Johnson's choice evidently is to leak the news to the American public rather than to shock the nation with a bold statement of what must be expected." News by osmosis may be successful for a while, but in time it produces, I believe, a credibility gap; the kind of a gap which some think they see at present. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, presidential adviser, wants to mine Haiphong harbor; we ought to be able to ask Mr. Johnson about it.

There are evidences that the President is of two minds about regular scheduled press conferences. On March 13 and March 20 a year ago he promised "at least one press conference a month."

Why hasn't he held them? In a celebrated interview not long ago Bill Moyers attacked the radio-TV press conference as a "circus," as "televised extravaganzas." I think the thing goes deeper than Moyers' explanation. Mr. Johnson, in my estimation, does very well at

formal press conferences when he has held them.

It is my judgment that Mr. Johnson wants to hold control in his own hands. His ideal is a private audience with selected reporters where he can talk and they can listen, and nobody asks too many unexpected questions. It is a habit, an approach, an instinct that he cannot break. He discovered in the Senate that when he disclosed his views, he limited his freedom of choice, and his opponents thwarted him. He is a very complicated man. He is divided about the press: he affects to decry it, and reverences it; he patronizes it, and he writhes under it; he will overact in an extraordinary way to woo some individual reporter.

Yet the President cannot leave it alone, what it is saying, what the polls are saying, what his rating is. Theoretically, I am sure, he has faith in the ultimate give-and-take of opinion in a free democracy, but he can't overcome a lifetime of trying to manipulate the scales in his favor.

Keynes Isn't Enough

The Goal Beyond Full Employment

by Louis J. Walinsky

During the course of 1965, even the businessmen and the politicians came to realize what the economists, following John Maynard Keynes, had contended for nearly three decades—that the government, through appropriate policies, could bring the economy to a state of virtually full employment. Having won this most significant victory, the economists became promptly bemused with the far lesser—though undeniably important—question of how to maintain full employment without inflation. It was the politicians, in the person of President Johnson, whose call for a Great Society placed necessary new emphasis on the critical questions on which the Keynesian economics had been silent all along. These questions are: how can income be better distributed; and how can we better use our productive capacity?

J. K. Galbraith pointed out nearly a decade ago that our preoccupation with full employment has actually been negative on this score; it served to diffuse the attention which earlier generations had properly focused on these questions. Liberals and organized labor, enchanted with the new panacea, failed ade-

quately to recognize that, while the full employment objective aimed at conditions *conducive* to social justice and social priorities, the objective itself was neutral on these fundamental questions.

Full employment, to be sure, does provide jobs for all those able and willing to work, and it does favor both higher wages and more generous public expenditures for social welfare. Conceptually, however, it requires neither of these; it is as compatible with a slave- or poverty-ridden society as it is with a welfarist one. This neutrality is evident in the conflicting uses made of the objective by opposing interest groups. Thus, organized labor and the liberals have sought to justify higher wages, shorter hours and public deficit spending for education, health, housing and other welfare measures in times of unemployment on the grounds that these would augment private and public demand and thus promote full employment. But businessmen and conservatives have argued at the same time that higher wages and shorter hours, by raising costs and squeezing profits, would reduce incentives to private investment and hence to job creation. Economists have

also been divided on these questions – a division derived as much from disparate value systems to which they subscribe as it does from conflicting economic analysis. For economists conventionally are not concerned with social justice and production priorities. The classical economics had asserted that – given the level and distribution of income at any time, and competitive conditions – the optimum allocation of resources would be affected through the marketplace. Since anything less than the full utilization of resources would, in a world of scarcity, be wasteful, the full employment of manpower and other productive resources was obviously desirable. The economists' objective was thus efficiency rather than welfare. But, since the same marketplace also determined the rewards distributed to the productive factors responsible, these distributive shares – wages, rents, interest, profits – were also presumably "optimum," in economic terms, given competitive conditions. This closed logical system quite effectively insulated economists – with, of course, such notable exceptions as J. K. Galbraith, Leon Keyserling and Gerhard Colm – from concern over the equities of income distribution, the effects (or mal-effects) of this distribution on what and how much was produced, and the effects in turn of various combinations of resource use on the distributive shares themselves. The moral effect of this insulation, however unintended, has been very similar to Dr. Pangloss' fatuous "Whatever is, is right." The questions *Production of What?* and *Production for Whom?* were relegated to welfarists, interest groups, politicians.

The Keynesian economics added to, rather than changed, this basic analysis. It held, first, that full employment can be assured, if public and private demands in the aggregate suffice to take off the market at satisfactory prices the entire output of goods and services which can be produced at any given time. It maintained, second, that the government, through appropriate fiscal, monetary and related policies, can and should assure such a level of demand and hence full employment. Keynes' concern was thus with the levels and aggregate adequacy of demand, production and employment, not with the composition of demand and output, nor with the distribution of the rewards of production, nor with the interaction between what and how much was produced and the distribution of its benefits. If demand needed to be bolstered, it might be bolstered equally well by income tax cuts which favored the rich or the poor; or by incentives to private investment spending; or by public spending for space exploration and for aircraft carriers as well as for schools and hospitals. So long as aggregate demand

was augmented sufficiently to ensure full employment, that, rather than its composition, was what mattered. The tax cuts of 1964 and 1965, which chose to stimulate private rather than public demand, and which benefited corporate and high level personal incomes as well as lower level incomes, illustrate the point. They clearly showed a preference for any kind of additional private spending rather than for additional schools and hospitals. And within the area of private spending, they showed little preference for necessities as against luxuries. Nevertheless, in Keynesian terms, they accomplished the full employment objective.

Spending for What?

Another major deficiency of the full employment objective was that it confused ends and means. Glorification of full employment as an end in itself has been in large part responsible for the failure properly to evaluate what and whose needs and wants are served, unserved or disserved. Thus, during the Truman years, some liberals and labor spokesmen opposed reductions in the military budget, not primarily because they believed that cuts would endanger the national security, but because they feared the unemployment which might ensue. This same confusion of ends and means even now causes us, when we measure the Gross National Product, to value among the goods and services produced both the output of the chemicals plant which poisons the air and water, and the materials and effort devoted (all too seldom) to their purification.

What are the implications – relatively ignored in the full employment economics – of the distribution of income and the composition of demand, so far as full employment is concerned? What, in other words, is the influence of the size of the shares into which the social pie is cut on the quality and size of the total pie?

If less than full employment is the result of too little demand for goods and services, why, recurrently, do we experience such deficiencies in demand? Whatever the initial explanations in terms of distortions and imbalances between savings, investment, production and consumption, the ultimate answer must go back to the highly unequal distribution of incomes in our society. A less unequal distribution would generate fewer and less severe distortions and, in turn, a lesser need for periodic governmental interventions of one kind or another to assure the adequacy of aggregate demand. It would lead at the same time to improved social production priorities in the private economy. By increasing effective demand at the lower end of the income scale, it would assure (though not in all cases) that more urgent needs were met at the expense of lesser ones. But how can we achieve sufficient improvement in primary income distribution in ways which would be

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consistent with human dignity and our kind of society?

Public expenditures for education, most importantly, and for health, housing, urban renewal and recreational and cultural facilities and services, are the key to a healthy recasting of the distribution of incomes. By helping people to become more productive, more secure and, in the best sense of the words, more demanding and competitive, such outlays—in vastly larger proportions than we have till now provided—would improve the distribution of incomes in our society. (Meanwhile, I would argue strongly for interim measures to supplement low incomes sufficiently to bring them up to minimum decency levels.) Such public expenditures would create the conditions necessary to a more nearly *self-sustaining* full employment and obviate much of the continued tinkering required by the indiscriminate demand management we have been practicing. Recognition, in economic terms, of the significance of investment in human beings for the distribution of incomes, the composition and level of demand, the level and composition of output, and the *interrelation* of all these, is therefore needed to round out the Keynesian system.

More Leisure vs More Goods

Looking to the future, it appears quite safe to assume that Americans will increasingly elect to exchange potential increments of goods and services for more leisure. In 50 years, for example, with productivity rising at only three percent per year, each worker could produce more than four times as much per hour as he can now. With productivity rising at five percent annually—and who will dare to say, in the face of the outlook for both education and technology, that such a prospect is remote—output per man hour would increase to more than 11 times the present rate! Surely, long before such a point is reached, most workers would choose more free time in preference to more goods! It seems most likely also, and for the same reasons, that within the lifetime of our children it will become quite practicable—whether we elect to do so or not—substantially to divorce, for a large part of our society, the need for income from the need to work.

Under such circumstances, leisure and its uses, rather than employment and its uses, would increasingly become the problem. Quite apart from its past inadequacies, therefore, we have in the full employment objective a goal which would become increasingly vulnerable to growing abundance and opportunities for leisure. If we have needed for some time a new core economic policy goal to remedy past inadequacies, we need such a goal all the more now to anticipate the emerging problems as well.

Jobs for all who seek them; the elimination of

poverty and discrimination; decent housing in a decent neighborhood for every family; the revitalizing of our cities; the health of our people; education of the highest quality for every child; the beautification of our countryside; an end to air and water pollution; the pursuit of excellence; opportunities for fulfillment of the spirit, freed from domination from material values—these major elements of the Great Society objective integrate into one social and economic concept all that was previously lacking in the full employment objective. It supplies the needed emphasis on income distribution and production priorities; it distinguishes properly between ends and means; and it provides a framework within which the emerging problems of abundance and leisure can be anticipated and solved.

It is time for us to recognize that, in terms of the possibilities it opens, President Johnson's call for a Great Society is perhaps far more significant than he himself has realized—that it is, potentially, the most significant peacetime call an American President has issued since Lincoln's time.

If we viewed it in this way, we would not permit the demands of the Vietnam war to slow our progress toward a greater society to a creep. We would provide the greater public outlays needed for supplements to indecently low incomes, for low-rent housing and urban renewal, for education and training, for health and for other essential public purposes.

Given the limitations of manpower and facilities on total output and, therefore, on noninflationary total spending, these essential outlays can be financed only by using the tax mechanism to curb private spending for less essential personal and business purposes. The current debate over whether taxes should be raised further than the Administration has proposed is concerned with the inflationary implications of *presently* contemplated levels of federal expenditure, which provide only inadequately for Great Society programs. To provide adequately for these, we should be debating tax increases of \$12-14 billion, rather than the \$6 billion some proponents of additional tax increases have suggested. The larger sum would still be below the present value of the tax cuts of 1964 and 1965 which—it should be remembered—were enacted not to alleviate tax hardships but to reduce the fiscal drag on a then underemployed economy.

Our mistake (let us face it) in reducing taxes in 1964-65, instead of using revenue surpluses for needed social and economic progress, should be corrected now. But whether we are serious enough about building a Great Society to pay the quite modest price it demands is another matter. It is this, I suspect, which will determine in the end how great was President Johnson's call and fix his place—and ours—in history.

BRAZIL

Government by the Consent of the Military

Rio de Janeiro

From Our Special Correspondent

Two years ago, General Humberto de Alencar Castello Branco was elected President by an intimidated Congress following the military's ouster of ex-President Joao Goulart. Castello Branco's government has had some notable success. But it has failed to give Brazil the vigorous impulse the country so very badly needs. The victorious military leaders claimed that Goulart was turning the country over to Communism. It is highly doubtful these were Goulart's long-range intentions – just as it is unlikely he had any serious long-range intentions – but there are few today, including the Communists, who deny that Goulart was edging the country perilously near a climactic crisis.

In some respects conditions have improved. The once rampant strife, disorder and graft have been relatively calmed. The enormous budgetary deficit has been reduced, and last year inflation was held to 45 percent, still a staggering figure, but a dramatic improvement from the 150-200 percent which probably would have occurred had Goulart remained in office. The government has passed a land reform bill, reorganized the antiquated banking system and established a national housing bank.

Yet hundreds of thousands of Brazilians who once supported the government have turned against it. Today the only solid backing the regime has are the armed forces, and even they are becoming discontented.

The reasons are not hard to understand. The 1964 coup was received by the great majority of Brazilians – peasants and urban workers – with indifference. The workers were willing neither to take up arms in support of Joao Goulart, nor to fight against him. Their interests were, and still are, the price of rice, beans and dried meat. Goulart had done an impressive amount of talking, but he had done little for the lower classes.

Neither has Castello Branco. Although the rate of inflation has decreased, prices continue to shoot skyward. Under Goulart the unions received substantial wage boosts to keep up with the cost of living. But under Castello Branco's rigid anti-inflationary program, strong pressure has been put on the unions to squelch wage demands. Since most of the largest unions are either threatened by or are still under government intervention, this pressure has not been difficult to apply.

In the countryside, conditions are worse. Many non-

Marxist rural unions and church-run literacy programs were smashed by reactionary landowners and ignorant military commanders. In most of the backlands the minimum wage laws are completely ignored. Many peasants still labor for 12 cents a day, and it is common for sharecroppers to deliver half their harvest as rent to the landowners. In short, the great majority of Brazilians have little reason to feel that there was a change.

Those who originally celebrated the 1964 coup were from the middle and upper classes, tired of inflation and longing for an end to disorder and corruption. These groups, too, have become disillusioned with the new government. They watch their incomes eaten away by soaring prices, and the government's strict anti-inflationary controls on credit have hit hard at several major Brazilian industries. In addition, many intellectuals, students and professionals have turned against the government because of the heavy-handed repression which followed the 1964 coup.

Many of Brazil's top young professionals and technicians, such as economist Celso Furtado, were forced to flee abroad. Even the reformist wing of the Catholic Church was attacked. One priest, who was exiled because the army considered his activities "dangerous to youth," was last year appointed by the Vatican as adviser to the world movement of Catholic students.

The government's increasing unpopularity led to the victory of several moderate but anti-government candidates in last October's gubernatorial elections, and Castello Branco was just barely able to head off another military coup aimed at annulling the results. With that unsettling experience behind him, Castello Branco has concluded that letting the people choose their leaders by direct ballot is a dangerous business. After all, the opposition might win and the heavy-breathing military, acting more and more like their neighbors-in-arms in Argentina, would be quick to intervene and annul the results and probably establish a government even more dictatorial than that of Castello Branco. Castello Branco has therefore decreed that elections next October will be "indirect," with the very malleable Federal Congress choosing the President and state legislatures selecting the governors.

Since the President has also dissolved all traditional political parties and Brazilian politicians are a rather spineless lot, Castello Branco figures that he'll have little trouble putting pro-government candidates in of-

fice. The people will have no say whatsoever in the matter. In short, Castello Branco — who claims to be a convinced democrat — is attempting to preserve the façade of democracy by doing away with its substance.

Many Brazilians might have been willing to put up with the worsening economic situation and loss of their voting rights if they felt that such sacrifices were really necessary for a better future. But the government has provoked no dynamic spirit of reform or growth.

Certainly Castello Branco's decision to take solid measures against inflation was courageous. No Latin American nation has ever been able to contain such tremendous inflation without provoking a calamitous period of stagnation and overwhelming public opposition. This government set itself an additional challenge. It aimed to clean up a financial situation produced by decades of mismanagement and to reduce inflation to a bearable 10-15 percent within the little more than two-and-a-half years it had in office.

Such a task might be well-nigh impossible, even if supervised by the most skilled team of economists and administered by an efficient government bureaucracy. But Brazil's Planning Minister, Roberto Campos, who heads the fight against inflation, has made the struggle even more difficult. He operates as if he were dealing with a theoretical economic model, rather than a complex nation and a highly incompetent bureaucracy.

The President and Campos have airily repeated they are not overly concerned with the political impact of the stabilization program; they are interested in economic results. But they overlook the fact that for their program to have long-term success they must take politics into account as well.

Another problem facing Campos is that for his global plans to be successful they must be vigorously supported by the President and his other ministers. This has not been the case. As one Brazilian politician says, "Our leaders are the product of a revolution without being revolutionaries."

Castello Branco is an intelligent but dull, pedantic personality, unable to inspire popular enthusiasm. With few exceptions, his cabinet ministers are also elderly conservatives who lack vitality or appeal. For example, the aged Minister of Transport held the same office three decades ago.

Reforms are bogged in bureaucratic lassitude. In July, 1964 the government passed a moderate land reform bill. But it took one year just to select administrators for the program, and it will be many long months before the reform seriously begins. Similarly, the highly vaunted National Housing Bank, established more than 18 months ago, is only beginning to function.

All this makes for a somber forecast. Brazilians traditionally pride themselves on being different from their Spanish-speaking neighbors. Their political history

lacked the usual violence and bloodshed. Their army, though certainly making its presence felt in political decisions, has directly intervened only rarely, and ceded quickly to civilian political leadership.

But the coup of 1964 has given the armed forces a heady taste of power and it will be many years before they return to the barracks. In most regions the commanding officer has the final say on both military and civilian matters; military officers have also been placed in charge of several key government autarchies.

The armed forces are now, without a doubt, the country's major political party. The government's presidential candidate has still not been chosen, but the strongest contenders for the official nomination are almost all, quite naturally, military men, with the hard-living Minister of War heading the list.

Under Castello Branco the armed forces have remained fairly united, but disagreement over the government's political and economic policies has lately led to growing dissension within the ranks. This unrest will be one of the thorniest problems facing the next President, and Brazil could well be plagued with the dreary procession of military coups so common to the rest of Latin America.

Military leaders, however, have a point when they ask who else is fit to rule the country. Civilian political leadership is discredited and old-style politics are bankrupt. The traditional political parties, recently dissolved by Castello Branco, were personalistic alliances lacking any coherent program or organization. Their passing went unmourned. Their control was monopolized by the same political hacks who had been active since the thirties and whose threadbare views remained unchanged for decades.

The younger generations correctly feel that the old politicians have no answers to their country's contemporary problems. But the youth themselves (here, read anyone under 50) have yet to meet the challenge. Those who are active in politics are usually little different from the leaders they wish to replace. The majority are soft-living scions of the upper classes, whose denunciations of poverty and political repression are most frequently heard in discotheques and swank restaurants.

Even the most radical have little or no contact with the workers and peasants they plan some day to lead, and they have given little thought to grass-roots organization. Their political efforts consist mainly of composing eloquent manifestoes for each other to sign.

Since the majority of politically active youth preferred to cling to the corrupt Goulart regime, they missed their opportunity to organize before the April, 1964 coup. Now, under the present semidictatorial conditions, where the military leaders would probably label Chile's Eduardo Frei a "subversive," any serious attempt at organizing is extremely difficult.

Accommodating Whites

A New Look at Mississippi

by Christopher Jencks

The center of the racial storm which struck Mississippi in the early 1960s appears to have moved east to Alabama. There are still isolated gusts of violence, such as the fire bombing which took Vernon F. Dahmer's life in Hattiesburg on January 10. But systematic intimidation is on the wane, and a visiting journalist is impressed by the fact that both civil rights workers and ordinary Negroes seem far less terrified than two years ago. White Mississippi has evidently begun to accept "the movement" as an evil to be lived with rather than exterminated.

Black and white college students (and dropouts) who worked in Mississippi between 1961 and 1964 played a critical role in whatever change has occurred. They did not register many Negro voters, educate many Negro children or get much federal protection for Negroes against white violence. But by themselves defying what they called "the white power structure" they induced a number of local Negroes to do the same.

White Mississippi's first reaction to the 1961-64 "agitators" was predictable; it went for its guns, as it always had. But violence has its limits. Mississippi did not have the stomach for continuous bombings and widespread shootings. What it wanted was a domestic equivalent to the nuclear deterrent: something a few people could carry conspicuously on their hips, most people could ignore and everyone could use to keep the enemy in his place. When it became clear that the threat of violence no longer deterred, most of white Mississippi began considering appeasement. They sought a formula which would preserve "peace with honor"; they found it in the slogan "orderly change."

Since the summer of 1964 the federal government has also played a significant role in undermining the old order and shaping the new in Mississippi. The Justice Department investigated and prosecuted a few cases of racial violence. Congress passed Title VI of the Civil Rights Act, which raised the financial cost of complete segregation in public programs higher than most Mississippians would pay. Perhaps most impor-

tant, federal agencies which had had difficulty working with state and local governments began to contemplate circumventing these agencies and dealing directly with poor Negroes and their representatives. To prevent this actually happening on a large scale, white Mississippi has had to make some concessions.

The rules of the antipoverty game today in Mississippi can be described this way: (1) Negroes or their sympathizers seek direct support from Washington for something over which local whites would exercise no direct control or veto. (2) Washington shows an interest but sooner or later makes "broader community support" a condition of the grant. This means that local whites must somehow be bought off. (3) At the same time, Washington encourages local whites to believe that if they don't negotiate in good faith a Negro-dominated program will be funded. The groundwork for compromise is thus laid on both sides. (4) A program emerges which looks outwardly much like the initial Negro proposal, but which is managed by local whites and usually has a white director. The local white elite preserves its ultimate control over poor Negroes' lives, but concedes them more food, money and training.

Consider, for example, the experiences of Aaron Henry, a prominent Mississippi Negro with a long history of civil rights activity. A year ago he came to Washington with a scheme for training thousands of Delta Negroes to do something besides chop and pick cotton. He wanted to give them literacy and job training, and pay them subsistence allowances up to \$30 a week. Needless to say, plantation owners who were accustomed to paying \$18 for a 60-hour week greeted this proposal with less than wholehearted enthusiasm. Coming at a time when the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union was urging farm workers to walk off the job unless they got substantial pay increases, the subsistence allowances looked remarkably like a federal strike fund. After a great deal of delay the poverty program finally funded Henry's project. But two things had happened in the interim: The MFLU's strike had virtually collapsed, and Henry's program had been put under the supervision of a white-dominated community-action agency run by a white Mississippi director.

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS, a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, has just revisited Mississippi.

The story of STAR, an even larger literacy and job-training program, is similar. The STAR program originated with the National Sharecroppers' Fund, a vintage civil rights group. Like Henry's project, STAR threatened the prevailing wage scale of rural Mississippi. Under National Sharecropper Fund auspices, STAR would have jeopardized local whites' control over "their" Negroes by offering an alternative source of employment and money. Mr. Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity was not anxious to challenge white Mississippi that directly, and after a series of complicated maneuvers STAR wound up in the hands of the Catholic Diocese of Mississippi, which was at least willing to undertake it. However, nobody sympathetic to "the movement" was given a leading part in the program. Poor Negroes were allowed no control over anything, including their own course of study. Though generalizations about so large an enterprise are hazardous, those with whom I talked felt that STAR had been unnecessarily patronizing, and insensitive toward its enrollees. And yet it must be said that thousands of people are getting badly needed money and skills.

The distribution of surplus food in Mississippi took a somewhat analogous course. For years the Agriculture Department has handed out surplus commodities through local welfare offices to those whom local white social workers certified for public assistance. Some counties refused to distribute commodities, on the ground that they reduced Negroes' incentive to work (and thus generated pressure for higher farm wages). Other counties used commodities as a club for keeping the Negro poor in line, knocking off those who registered to vote or showed other signs of "poor character." Under the law, Washington could have solved this problem by making food available through some other private, nonprofit agency not controlled by local whites. Aware of this, the Delta Ministry and the National Student Association proposed a pilot project under which they would distribute commodities in Forrest County. The state welfare department then put pressure on Forrest County officials to set up a program of their own. This pressure was repeated in a number of other counties.

At this point the state welfare department, the Agriculture Department and OEO worked out a statewide program for distributing a much larger amount of surplus food. The welfare department even promised to establish an advisory board which would reflect the views of poor Negroes, eliminate discrimination in local distribution centers and hire poor Negroes to staff the program. These promises have not all been fulfilled, and the program is still firmly in the hands of the white establishment. But that it exists at all, and is providing hundreds of thousands of families with commodities for the first time is progress. There have been other

occasions, when the white community refused to abide by Washington's rules, and then the Negroes and their allies have taken over. In Holmes County, for example, the Negroes worked out a retraining program for seasonal farm workers under the auspices of Saints Junior College. Instead of organizing a community-action agency and proposing to put it under their own control, Holmes County's white officials simply berated the program. As a result, OEO funded the original Negro project. Only after this setback were local officials persuaded to preempt future Negro bids by getting into the antipoverty business themselves.

Child Development Group

Another and more significant slip-up on the part of white Mississippi officialdom was its failure to respond quickly to OEO's announcement of Project Head Start a year ago. Only a handful of counties had established community-action agencies, and most Mississippi schoolmen were chary of federal activity which seemed likely to involve them in more controversy over integration. The result was that most counties made no move to set up summer preschools.

Foreseeing this, several middle-level OEO officials persuaded a group of civil rights activists to set up a big summer preschool program of their own, known as the Child Development Group of Mississippi. White Mississippi's sluggish response to Head Start ensured that there was money enough for everyone and provided OEO's more adventurous spirits with the excuse they needed for funding CDGM.

Andrew Kopkind described CDGM's remarkable initial results in these pages last summer (August 21, 1965). For many poor but undefeated Negroes CDGM filled the emotional vacuum left by the disintegration of the Council of Federated Organizations (which ran the 1964 civil rights summer project) and the departure of most out-of-state civil rights workers. In principle, this gap was to have been filled by the indigenous Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. But the MFDP was asking local Negroes to tackle an almost insurmountable problem, namely, organizing an impoverished, semiliterate minority of nonvoters to seize political power. (There are comparatively few counties in which more than half the adults are Negroes, and even fewer in which they constitute a majority of the likely voters.) The Child Development Group of Mississippi, on the other hand, offered a manageable challenge. With federal backing the preschools could not fail completely and often succeeded brilliantly. There was enough money and enough outside expertise to do what was attempted - which there had never been in any previous "movement" venture. Many MFDP leaders and followers therefore turned their energies to

CDGM. Some set up committees which found and repaired buildings, hired teachers, and in general served as a local "school board." Others became teachers or teacher trainees. Still others got jobs as community organizers and administrators.

Even before CDGM's inception the focus of the Mississippi civil rights work had been gradually shifting from registering voters, electing officials and changing laws toward building a Negro "community" through Freedom schools, co-ops, community centers and the like. Since CDGM relied on federal funds and was barred from partisan politics, it inevitably accelerated this shift. Today a visitor gets the impression that the earlier civil rights movement of the early sixties is almost dead in Mississippi; the conditions which brought the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Congress of Racial Equality into the state have changed. The faith and courage of SNCC and CORE were enormously helpful in challenging violent racism. It will take something else, as yet unknown, to deal with the more accommodating, more realistic elitism that is based on prior possession of money, education and influence, which is now emerging as the new order. One cannot blame the old-style SNCC guerrillas for moving east to Lowndes County, north to urban ghettos or west to Watts. Nor can one blame the local MFDP membership for feeling overwhelmed by the difficulty of building a political organization capable of fighting established power.

That the CDGM has become the residual legatee of "the movement" is known to white Mississippians as well as black. The Mississippi delegation to Congress, led by Senator John Stennis (who sits on the appropriations subcommittee which handles OEO requests), fought pertinaciously to cut off CDGM funds last summer and to block its subsequent application for money to run a year-round program. Stennis' hostility forced OEO into a supercautious approach and delayed the year-round program until the end of February. Even then it took enormous pressure from civil rights leaders, churchmen and some labor leaders to persuade Sargent Shriver that CDGM was worth Stennis' hostility. Today, CDGM has a short lease on life, running at least through next September.

Unlike some smaller though equally controversial antipoverty programs such as the one in Syracuse, N.Y., CDGM is big enough to have a substantial impact. It spends almost a million dollars a month, runs 125 centers in 28 counties, and is one of the largest enterprises in the state. (The 1964 COFO Summer Project had about half as many centers and perhaps one-tenth the budget.) CDGM is the only sizable, well-heeled organization in the state which hires uneducated Negroes who are active in the civil rights movement. (More than half its budget goes to pay some 2,000 poor

Negroes who teach, feed, transport and clean up after the 9,000 children.) To some, this looks like a sinister conspiracy to "buy off" leading malcontents and redirect their energies into "nonpolitical" work. But without CDGM many local civil rights leaders would have had to quit "the movement," leave the state or starve.

CDGM's other major contribution has been to give thousands of poor Negroes, including many who had never had the nerve to vote or demonstrate, a chance to manage a communal enterprise of real importance to them. Until now churches have been the only Mississippi institutions under Negro control, and they have often been dominated by a single preacher who was more responsive to the expectations of the white community than to the needs of his parishioners. One should not be too hard on these men: the narrow orthodoxies and moralities they preached were perhaps a realistic reaction to the fact that their flock was beholden to the white world. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to see CDGM's white central staff holding out an alternative, "integrated" vision of community, one in which the possibilities are more open and self-respect and self-reliance are rewarded. It is even more encouraging to see local Negro "elders" responding to this vision and creating schools which cultivate it.

Success Assures Failures

Almost all those who have examined CDGM's program regard it as the most daring attempt yet made to grapple with the education of rural Negroes. This goes not only for those handpicked consultants who presumably came with a predisposition in favor of the CDGM approach, but also for OEO officials with whom I have talked in Washington. It therefore comes as something of a shock to discover that OEO officials have no intention of keeping CDGM alive for more than a few years.

The reason is basically very simple. CDGM is politically "hot," and OEO wants as little to do with controversy as possible. It has therefore invented a strategy for fighting poverty without controversy, which is embodied in the Economic Opportunity Act and even more clearly in OEO's administrative guidelines. The basic premise of this strategy is that everyone wants to help the poor and has something to contribute. "The problem" is therefore seen as "mobilizing all available resources." "The solution" is the community-action agency. This panacea, known in Washington shorthand as a CAA, is supposed to "represent all elements in the community," including the poor. All controversies over program are supposed to be "democratically" resolved within it. To ensure that this will happen, and to keep OEO from becoming embroiled in local controversies, Washington has given the CAA

veto over almost all antipoverty programs within their geographical jurisdictions. This includes preschools such as CDGM operates. It follows that a county which wants to keep CDGM out need only organize a CAA acceptable to Washington, set up a white-controlled Head Start program as an earnest of good intentions, and then veto CDGM's application for money to support Negro-run programs in the county. This has already begun to happen.

Stacking the Deck

Bolivar County, for instance, has long been a major center of civil rights activity in the cotton-growing Delta. Last summer most of its towns and hamlets opened preschools under CDGM auspices, and in September, when federal funds ran out, they kept centers going with volunteer teachers and cooks, donated food and transportation, and the hope of federal funds to come. Enrollment averaged around 1,000 children.

Meanwhile the Bolivar County supervisors appointed a board of directors for a community-action agency which was the embodiment of Mississippi's "new look." The board included eight more or less moderate whites—"moderate" in the sense that they were not identified with the Klan or even the White Citizens' Council and favored economic progress so long as it did not upset the hegemony of conservative, middle-class values and individuals. In order to make this board acceptable to OEO, the supervisors also named eight Negro "moderates." Their "moderation" was manifested by their invariable habit of agreeing with whatever their white counterparts said. After phone calls from Bolivar County to presidential assistant Jack Valenti to OEO, this dependable crew was approved as Washington's exclusive instrument for fighting poverty in Bolivar County. When CDGM got its renewal on February 22, all funds for Bolivar County preschools were withheld, on the ground that Bolivar's CAA had not okayed the CDGM operation in the county, and indeed was setting up a competitive program. All eight Negroes on the Bolivar CAA have since voted against funding the CDGM centers, preferring to run their own show.

If Bolivar County were an isolated case, it would not be especially significant. But all over Mississippi white officials are organizing community-action agencies in order to retrieve or maintain their traditional hold on federal funds coming into their jurisdiction. These CAAs will almost all seek money for Head Start programs of their own, just as Bolivar County has. While it is not yet clear that they will get the money in preference to CDGM, there is little reason for optimism in CDGM circles. Nor is there much reason for optimism about the Head Start programs that the CAAs will

sponsor. They will not provide many poor Negroes with jobs; they will exclude teachers who are not academically "qualified," irrespective of teaching ability; they will get teachers who have spent many years adapting their ideas and personalities to the rigid exigencies of Southern Negro schools. Nor will it be easy in many counties for Head Start directly under CAA jurisdiction to hire persons with a deep commitment to civil rights. Nor, most important of all, will they try to infect their children with the self-respect and self-discipline which CDGM values. Mostly, they will provide their charges with a foretaste of the do-what-teacher-says world of first grade, emphasizing discipline, restraint and docility, idealizing the future schoolteachers instead of, say, future SNCC field secretaries. In the end, then, CDGM will probably have nowhere to operate and its uneducated but often remarkably adept teachers will have nowhere to work. Hopes will have been aroused; possibilities glimpsed; that is all.

How can OEO have embarked on such a course? If it wishes to back a coalition of white and black "moderates," why did it ever get so deeply involved in this extraordinary experiment of CDGM?

The answer, I think, is that OEO is torn between good intentions and good politics. The war on poverty has been predicated on the notion that there is such a thing as a *community*, which can be defined geographically and mobilized for a collective effort to help the poor. This theory has no relationship to reality in the Deep South. In every Mississippi county there are *two* communities. Despite all the pious platitudes of the moderates on both sides, these two communities habitually see their interests in terms of conflict rather than cooperation. Only when the Negro community can muster enough political, economic and professional strength to compete on somewhat equal terms, will Negroes believe in the possibility of true cooperation and whites accept its necessity. En route to integration, the Negro community needs to develop greater independence—a chance to run its own affairs and not cave in whenever "the man" barks. By demanding what today passes for "cooperation," OEO will only perpetuate the subordination of Negroes to the whites.

Or so it seems to me, and to most of the knowledgeable people with whom I talked in Mississippi. To OEO, this judgment may sound like black nationalism, or a formula for getting one's budget cut on Capitol Hill. So far as OEO is concerned, federal funding of independent Negro-controlled programs seems certain to remain an emergency measure, used only when local whites refuse to make what OEO regards as reasonable concessions. If this kills any hope for daring, effective antipoverty programs in the Deep South, that is the price we pay for the appearance of consensus.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Sorrows of Péguy

by Joseph Featherstone

This is the best and most informative book there is on the French writer Charles Péguy. In a wonderfully spare, artless way, it grows into a profound meditation. The events of his career all testify to the strength of Péguy's dedication to a personal ideal. If the curve of the trajectory of a man's life could be plotted, the result for Péguy would be a line of astonishing consistency

Charles Péguy
by Marjorie Villiers
(Harper and Row; \$6.50)

and purity. Mrs. Villiers takes the points along the curve separately, and as she does, each insistent moral decision slowly alters, qualifies, and in one or two instances diminishes our admiration for an integrity that was maintained at all costs. This is not a critical biography or a chapter in intellectual history: it is a life told with compassion and objectivity. Much of it is in Péguy's own words, and Mrs. Villiers' translation of both the prose and the poetry is excellent.

Péguy is the sort of figure who invites meditation. How much broken friendship, loneliness, and lovelessness went into the making of his moral grandeur! He was raised in poverty by his mother. He was unhappy in Paris, because he was a provincial. He was unhappy in love, and unhappy in his friends, with whom he nearly always finally quarreled over matters of principle. (But there was a measure of truth in André Gide's remark that Péguy threw friendships into the fire to keep the oven going.) He came, in any case, to believe that the life of a man of integrity was bound to be a continual apostasy from friendship.

When this sad man was killed in the First World War at the age of 41, he left only some obscure polemical writings and a number of largely unread religious poems. In France, however, he

has become a great exemplary literary figure, one of those very French moralists like Gide or Camus whose life, as much as his writing, is expected to suggest answers to public dilemmas. Péguy's stature is a function of his special role: he represents an ideal of unity in a divided country. The role is apt, because Péguy's sense of identity was to an extraordinary degree collective, involved in the whole life of France. He was a peasant, a Republican nationalist, and a Catholic of sorts; he was also an old-fashioned socialist of the variety that used to drive Karl Marx to a dancing fury. It was his fate, and that of his precocious and ill-starred generation, to live at a time when the more or less settled forms of 19th-Century thought were buckling under the strain of new experiences. But Péguy was doggedly loyal to all the aspects of himself, and when the older loyalties were threatened, he was unable to transfer his allegiance to any of the substitutes offered by the new order. Péguy could never exist in a modern mass movement. This uneasy balance of inner elements is one of the reasons why Péguy continues to fascinate the French, who haven't decided who they are, either. Over the last thirty years, Catholics, Republicans, rightists and socialists have all made a stab at claiming him. The rightists and the Catholics have succeeded in misinterpreting him the most. Péguy was a patriot, but his nationalism was alien to the witches' brews of the *Action Française* or lesser parlor fascists. And although his return to Catholicism was in accord with the disheartened spiritual odyssey of his generation, Péguy wore his Catholicism with a difference. "It is very important not to rig me out as a Father of the Church," he told an admirer. "It is already quite a lot to be a son."

Péguy had, he felt, a vocation for public controversy. The Dreyfus Affair left

him unimpressed by public standards of truth in France, so he began his own publication, the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* (The *Fortnightly Exercise Book* seems a ridiculous translation). In Péguy's characteristic chanting manner the *Cahiers* proclaimed an obligation "to tell the truth, the whole truth, nothing but truth, to tell the stupid truth stupidly, the boring truth boringly, the sad truth sadly." Péguy edited, proofed, and sometimes set type, according to exacting standards of craftsmanship that were applied equally to a pamphlet attacking anti-Semitism or to one of his long poems.

On social issues, the *Cahiers* was in the service of a particular vision of an earthly paradise which blended early Republican France with a happy future from which destitution and bourgeois values would vanish. Péguy cherished the peasant ideals of simplicity and workmanship; he had the same peasant's mistrust of officialdom as the great anarchist, Proudhon. Péguy lived in respectable poverty, but he thought poverty made people "bad, ugly, and weak." He believed in a revolution to overthrow the power of money and abolish destitution. This, however, was less than half the battle, for there then had to be another revolution of conscience, otherwise men would simply exchange one set of vested interests for another. Péguy saw revolution as a founding, rather than an act of destruction, and he always demanded to know what sort of society other revolutionaries had in mind. He was a nuisance about means and ends: early in the Dreyfus Affair, he decided that most socialists viewed truth and justice about the way the French Right did; and so he became their opponent. He even turned his righteousness against his friend, the great leader Jean Jaurès, who was uneasily engaged in reconciling doctrines of class conflict with a sincere belief in cooperation and persuasion. Péguy had a point: poor Jaurès, like other good men in politics, was often forced to be something of a trimmer. Perhaps because Jaurès disappointed his hopes, Péguy insinuated

that Jaurès was compromising with the "Socialist Church" for personal advantage, which was untrue and unworthy of Péguy. They ultimately fought over the coming of World War I (Péguy disagreed with Jaurès' "sentimental" belief that solidarity of the workers could prevent the war). Péguy the patriot called his former friend a traitor, and drew a picture of "Jaurès in a tumbrel, and the roll of drums to drown his strong voice" — a shocking anticipation of Jaurès' assassination. By anybody's standards, it was a failure of charity; charity was never Péguy's strong suit.

Péguy was a master of the journalistic sermon, and although he delivered his most superbly angry litanies in the years when he was a lapsed Catholic, he was always practicing a form of sacred eloquence. Whether the issue was Dreyfus or the pettifoggery of Sorbonne history professors, Péguy connected it to some holy principle, some manifestation of the eternal. To Gide, the injustice done to Captain Dreyfus

required one to assert truth — as a moral obligation whatever the effect on the ideal of duty to a group. Péguy agreed, but it was the aspect of eternity in the Affair that concerned him. It was his generation's chance to redeem its ideals, France's opportunity for salvation. It was also, he came to feel in the dreary aftermath, a touchstone of virtue. Those who believed in essential ideals were sorted out from those whose lives were too worldly, and compromised. Péguy the young and ardent Dreyfusard was stricken by the cynicism and vindictiveness of his own side; he discovered that in the constant war between the Red and the Black, the old regime and the Revolution, the religious and the secular, one side was as intolerant and unprincipled as the other.

Out of that disillusionment, Péguy drew a lesson which some have taken to be a historical law. Every idealistic movement has two phases, or perhaps two elements, *la mystique* and *la politique*. The mystical is the ideal, the

vision of the eternal; the political represents corruption, the triumph of the world over the Word. The problem in public life, and in private as well, is to prevent the mystical from being devoured by the political. This was the failure of the Dreyfusards, he wrote in *Notre Jeunesse* (1910); this was also the failure of Republican idealism in France:

"You say that elections are a ridiculous formality, and you have good reasons for saying this . . . but men have suffered, men have died, a whole people have lived so that to-day the greatest idiot could accomplish this 'rigged formality'. . . . Everything starts with a *mystique*, with its own *mystique* . . . and everything ends in *politique*."

Victories once achieved, once institutionalized, soon cease to live. The victors lapse into habit, compromise and weariness. Péguy went so far as to say

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that a principled Catholic and a good libertarian were closer to each other than they were to the jobbers and hacks in their own movements: "The *mystique* of salvation and the *mystique* of liberty do not come into conflict in the same way that clerical politics conflict with radical politics."

The men of *la mystique* understood the immeasurable importance of the present moment, which for Péguy was in some sense the locus of the eternal. Bergson's lectures made a great impression on Péguy, particularly as he turned from controversy to poetry. He liked their insistence, against the rationalist currents of French thought, on the limitations of the reasoning mind; for Bergson thought that intuition was the highest form of awareness. He was impressed, as Proust was, by Bergson's argument that experienced time takes place in a wholly different realm from time measured by a clock. Appalled by the vulgar materialism of the age, choking on the dry husks of 19th-Century thought, Bergson restored the primacy of the imagination. He was especially important to Péguy, because the gist of his theories seemed to validate the distinction between the realm of habit, rationality and materialism, and the dimension of human experience which at its deepest levels of intuition touches the eternal. It is easy to see why Péguy wrote a passionate protest when Bergson's books were placed on the church's Index.

Péguy never took or abandoned a position out of fear, but after his re-conversion to Catholicism in 1909, he grew less interested in controversy, and more concerned with working out the implications of certain of his ideas. The result was a series of strange religious poems which taken together form a remarkable statement of modern exile. Their style is an elaboration of an already mannered and very un-French prose. The metaphors are concrete and earthy. The image is chanted over and over again, slightly qualified and altered with each repetition, as in the patterns of dreams and night thoughts. In the long stanzas, specific images are modified until they blur in the mind like the outer ripples of a stone dropped in a pool. Gide likened these vast, monotonous litanies to the music

of an Arab flute. The style can be exceedingly tedious, but it carries the reader into the dim kingdom of the instinctive and the unconscious.

The best of these poems are reflections on the central virtue of hope, which to Péguy was much more important and fascinating than faith and charity. He left Christianity in part because of a despair with the Christian idea of hell, which suggested a horrible complicity at the back of the Christian mind, "some hideous desire to connive at disease and death." He returned because of hope. Erik Erikson, in describing human development, has said that of all the virtues, hope is the earliest and most childlike, depending as it does on "the charity of fate" and the figure of a bountiful mother. In a way that was more poetic and incantatory than logically compelling, Péguy turned the problem of suffering into one aspect of the problem of returning to simplicity, the abandonment of a complex self to the Bergsonian present, which for him was the arena of grace. Thus in one of his best poems, *Le Porche du Mystère de la Deuxième Vertu* (1911), he praised both the obliviousness of very simple people and the oblivion of a mind that suffering has drawn past thought. Significantly, in *Le Porche*, the realm of hope was sleep and night, the caverns of the unconscious: "The nights follow each other and to the child they are a continuum and are the very depths in which he is remade . . . / The solitude, the silence of the night, is so beautiful, so splendid that it surrounds and limits and buries the days. . . ."

Hope was the eternal breaking into the temporal; it was also a deeply ambiguous concept for Péguy. Just as he blurred the distinction between the obliviousness of a child or sleeper and the oblivion of a man in pain, he came to identify sleep and night, the unconscious world, with death, the final abandonment. There are two hopes, then: one celebrates instinctive life, free of the memory of the past or calculation for the future, a hope that is the source of Péguy's reverence for *mystique* in the political world. And there is another hope, whose source is "the obscure need to be more unhappy"; this is his cult of death and suffering that preaches the good for-

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tune of the Holy Innocents in passing from the sleep of childhood to endless sleep. In *Le Mystère des Saints Innocents* (1912), God Himself wonders aloud whether death or life in the eternal moment is the significance of the tale:

O night, will it be said that you are
my ultimate creation?

That my Paradise and my beatitude
Will be no more than a luminous
night . . .

And that all will end in tiredness,
All this great adventure end
Like the wide descent of a summer's
night

On a bright harvest?

It would be like that if it were not
for hope. . . .

In 1913, Péguy published *Eve*, an eccentric attempt at a symphonic poem which someone some day should shorten drastically for choral readings. It stands like a great ruin: passages have the haunting, unconscious quality of the other poems, but the tricks are patently tricks. It is full of edifying sentiments and warmed-over Corneille, like the speeches of General de Gaulle. This is particularly true of one passage — "Happy those who have died for this carnal earth, / Provided they died in a war that was just." — that used to be much admired in France. There is not much to say, except to point out that Péguy seems to have had in mind a quite complex statement about the relationship between the sacred and the carnal, like the connection between suffering and grace.

When he left for the war he believed that this cause, like the others, was right. He made preparations to round out his life, putting on finishing touches as though he were conscious of what he would come to be for other generations, a modern hero. The wounded exile from night and hope prepared his return. His own *mystique* had led him like a lonely stranger through the *politique* of the Third Republic, past the philistines, the rational calculators, and the ideologues, back towards his lost, ambiguous kingdom come. At the Battle of the Marne, the long thread of pain and honesty was cut.

Voices from Asia

by Alex Campbell

"In the long run, the American strategists will have done a good job for Peking. For if ever there was a solid, deep-rooted, historic obstacle to Chinese expansionism, it was the Vietnamese nation." Of whom, the correspondent of *Le Monde* thinks, there won't be much left after the B-52's have finished. That's in the South; how about North Vietnam? He thinks this

Vietnam: Between Two Truces
by Jean Lacouture
(Random House; \$5.95)

country began bombing the North because the North "was Communist, because it was a neighbor and accomplice of a people on whose territory armed forces of the United States suffered cruel disappointments, because it did not close its door to its compatriots from the South who were engaged in combat against the greatest power in the world." He can only hope "that American democracy will not be corrupted by citizens who will have learned in Asia how to train men to be like animals."

This is rough stuff, and about as far as anyone can get from the Johnson-Rusk-McNamara view of the Vietnam war as helping a plucky little ally resist aggression by a neighbor that won't leave it alone. But M. Lacouture has been here before—twice: he saw his own nation, France, try to beat the heads off the Viet Minh in Indochina and try to torture Algerians into submission. (He also saw French generals and GI's back from Algeria try to apply the same total-war methods against their own government at home.) His criticisms of the United States will still make a lot of Americans grind their teeth.

He has no doubts about what set off the revolt of the Viet Cong, the successors of the Viet Minh. "It was the categorical and apparently final refusal on the part of Diem and his regime to consider facing the Communists in general elections." Moreover, a leader in the National Liberation Front, the Viet Cong's political organization, told La-

couture in March 1965, "There was pressure at the base. Since 1958 we have conducted polls. An old peasant told me, 'If you do not enter the struggle, we will turn away from you.' We waited too long—we were opportunist-pacifist from 1954 to 1958. We hesitated to draw the consequences from the Diemist dictatorship and its excesses."

The Saigon regime is now under considerable pressure to hold elections and Vice President Humphrey sometimes seems all for this, but when Lacouture asked General Ky in 1964 what he'd do if "neutralist or pro-Communist elements" came to power in elections, Ky replied, "We would then consider it our right to intervene in order to prevent treason."

A poorly translated rehash of newspaper columns, Lacouture's book is nevertheless compulsive reading because of his knowledge of Vietnam and apparent contacts with NLF people. The NLF told him the Sino-Soviet conflict was "criminal" and its spokesman was "as critical of the Chinese as he was of the Russians," which may still be the case. Lacouture was also told that "we try to convince patriotic landowners to share their land, preferring to act with them rather than against them," which seems to need a pinch of salt. The NLF doesn't seem to have much time for either the Buddhists or the students who oblige it by knocking over Saigon governments; it says the Buddhists are nationalists who therefore oppose Americans but are also reactionaries who oppose the NLF, and that the students mostly "are of bourgeois origin and tend to behave as such. Most characteristic of that milieu is confusion."

Lacouture doesn't think North Vietnam wants to be "saddled with a ruined country in the throes of the convulsions of war," so believes Hanoi isn't anxious for reunification with the South soon, or perhaps for 10 to 15 years. Likewise, he was struck "to hear the Southern revolutionaries defend the principle of their autonomy with regard to the North." This too may require

salt, as well as a better translator.

But the authentic voice of Asia is in his quotations from "a little notebook taken from a Viet Cong prisoner in September 1964." It reveals that the Viet Cong are urged by their leaders to show respect for the dead, to avoid thieving and larceny, not to carry on with girls, not to sharpshoot at birds, and not to throw grenades into lakes in order to catch fish. And it also has this quote from Mao Tse-tung: "There are only two kinds of people without weaknesses: those in their caskets and those in the bellies of their mothers."

The book has an introduction by Joseph Kraft.

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Six Poems by Andrei Voznesensky

Andrei Voznesensky comes to us with the careless gaiety of the twenties and Apollinaire. Surrealism sprouts from his fingertips: birds with aluminum bodies and women's faces, houses losing their walls, men losing their skins, a girl who sees the past as the future, and noses that go on growing all night. He writes about buildings, the New York Airport, the Paris flea-market, the days of Stalin, strip-tease girls and Tolstoy. Once an architect, he is still fascinated by machines and modern constructions, and like us he fears "the crude Archangel made of nuts and bolts," the cybernetic robot, who says to his creator, "Give me your wife." Every other poem is a love poem, or about a woman. He is a difficult poet and the disciple of difficult poets, yet he moves large audiences, and I think this has encouraged him to give an immediate spoken vitality to his surprising thoughts and most ingenious images. "We were not born to survive," he says, "but to step on the gas." Often he is stepping it up, but more often still, and frequently in quick shifts of tone, he has the steady sorrowing sympathy of Pasternak and Chekhov.

I think I have given a misleading impression. Humor, high human spirits and high animal spirits are such a joy and unmixed blessing that we wonder if life or art can get on without them. Often they must. What strikes us about many good poets is not high animal spirits, but a stiffness of the joints, a noble awkwardness. Each talent must connect with Our Sister Life as best it may. Voznesensky is full of invention, fireworks and humor, but he is always writing about awkward, anguished things: hunting a hare, a girl in a freezing telephone booth, the invasion of Russia, departure from a friend. W. H. Auden has written about him, "I am struck first and foremost by his craftsmanship. Here . . . is a poet who knows that . . . a poem is a verbal artifact which must be as skillfully and solidly constructed as a table or a motorcycle."

There is no doubt that Voznesensky is a first-rate craftsman, who has had the heroic patience and imagination to be himself. We are excited too that he comes from the Soviet Union. And now when the official handshakes of the great powers seem to me so often like the clanging of metal hooks, I am glad to have this moment of free poetic fellowship.

ROBERT LOWELL

The Party

All the tipsy crew
Sat down. Suddenly. . . .
Where are they?
 Those two?
Gone!
 Not there!

Were they blown away by the wind
At the height of the fun, leaving behind
A pair of empty chairs,
Two knives lying there?

A moment ago they were drinking.
They were here. In a twinkling
They vanished, banished from view,
Away, those two.

Off through the slush they ran –
Catch-them-if-you-can! –
They have burned their boats.
To hell with conventions and raincoats!

So from the wineglass fades the hum
When the finger ceases to strum,
So races a river down its bed,
Or a cloud overhead.

So youth is bold to flout
The old and their apron strings,
So in spring young saplings
Break out.

The party is a huge success:
But the daring of this pair,
The back of each deserted chair,
Leave one speechless.

TRANSLATED BY W. H. AUDEN

Her Shoes

(from *Oza*)

When I walk in the park or swim in the sea,
A pair of her shoes waits there on the floor.

The left one leaning on the right,
Not enough time to set them straight.

The world is pitch-black, cold and desolate,
But they are still warm, right off her feet.

The soles of her feet left the insides dark,
The gold of the trademark has rubbed off.

A pair of red doves pecking seed,
They make me dizzy, rob me of sleep.

I see the shoes when I go to the beach
Like those of a bather drowned in the sea.

Where are you, bather? The beaches are clean.
Where are you dancing? With whom do you swim?

In a world of metal, on a planet of black,
Those silly shoes look to me like

Doves perched in the path of a tank, frail
And dainty, as delicate as eggshell.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM JAY SMITH

Laziness

Blessed is laziness my sweet trap,
I'm too lazy to get up, or fall back to sleep.

Too lazy to get the phone. You reach out,
your waist touches my shoulder. You're all in,

your leg is over me. I listen
to your breath born like a bell in your throat.

"What tickets?" To hell with them. This slow-
ness of days, within us, turns to shadow.

Progress is laziness:
the key to Diogenes is laziness!

You are too good to be true. What I know
is laziness. The world is impossible. Let it go.

Too lazy to get the cable: "push it under."
Too lazy to eat, or end the sentence: today is Sund . . .

June has flopped down here,
drunk in the middle of the road,
like a goat-legged satyr
barefoot and in shorts.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY MOSS

First Frost

A girl is freezing in a telephone booth,
huddled in her flimsy coat,
her face stained by tears
and smeared with lipstick.

She breathes on her thin little fingers.
Fingers like ice. Glass beads in her ears.

She has to beat her way back alone
down the icy street.

First frost. A beginning of losses.
The first frost of telephone phrases.

It is the start of winter glittering on her cheek,
the first frost of having been hurt.

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY KUNITZ

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I Am Goya

I am Goya
of the bare field, by the enemy's beak gouged
till the craters of my eyes gape
I am grief

I am the tongue
of war, the embers of cities
on the snows of the year 1941
I am hunger

I am the gullet
of a woman hanged whose body like a bell
tolled over a blank square
I am Goya

O grapes of wrath!
I have hurled westward

the ashes of the uninvited guest!
and hammered stars into the unforgetting sky – like nails
I am Goya

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY KUNITZ

Of Stalin Do Not Sing

(from *Oza*)

Does a high wind make me reel
Or does memory unwind like a spool?
I hear on a record player
A vile marching air.

Of Stalin do not sing;
That is no simple song,
But mixed like his gray moustaches,
Cloudy at times, then clear.

They looped about the pipe
Of the Great Engineer,
Nuts and bolts surveying,
Blind to human beings.

How many were impounded,
Needles in that gray stack,
Stroked when the anthem sounded,
Dipped in wine blood-red?

Majestic over the land,
The wings of a bird of prey,
They hovered,
tinged with red,
Great moustaches of state.

Of Stalin do not sing;
We are more than nuts and bolts;
And no more shall we choke
On his blue-bearded smoke.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM JAY SMITH



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Further Reflections on Lincoln Center

The Repertory Theatre presentation of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* is just adequate, and this is what makes it so very disappointing: Surely something more than borderline competence can now be expected of this company after its fourth production at Lincoln Center. The play itself poses no problem—it is absolutely irresistible—but I must quarrel with the ponderous way it has

The Caucasian Chalk Circle

by Bertolt Brecht

English version by Eric Bentley
(Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center)

been staged. The essence of the work is simplicity; yet once again, the treadmill rumbles loudly at the Vivian Beaumont, and once again, the mechanical spectacle overwhelms the dramatic action. The set is a heavy piece of stone architecture that hampers the performance rather than aids it, and while the costumes have a Persian carpet gorgeousness and the masks are cleverly designed, these trappings provide little inspiration for the actors who discover no character clues in their masks, and who move in their clothes as if they were borrowed. What should be terse, precise, suggestive, and ritually graceful thus becomes noisy, clumsy, busy, and agglutinated.

Still, the play is virtually production-proof and much of it manages to seep through, bubbling with those holiday spirits that are so rare in Brecht's writing. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* is a masterpiece of the author's later parable style. Offered as a moral lesson with deference to the techniques of Oriental theatre, the play is actually singularly lacking in didacticism and owes more to Elizabethan conventions: It looks like Shakespearean romance, leavened with Jonsonian satire. The Prologue, for example, which introduces us to a group of peasants in Soviet Russia, functions like the Induction to *Taming of the Shrew*; the main plot is based on intrigue, misunderstanding, and suspense, like the plots

of *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, reaching its climax in a courtroom scene, like *The Merchant of Venice*; and the subplot revolves around a bustling comic rogue in the tradition of Falstaff, Toby Belch, and Autolycus. Then, Brecht's Storyteller has the same function as Shakespeare's chorus figures; the songs, like Shakespeare's, are lyrical interludes with only a metaphorical relation to the action; and the conclusion reminds us of Shakespeare's method of tying off a romantic plot—with reunions, reconciliations, and a dance.

Brecht's plot construction, however, shows interesting deviations from the Elizabethan pattern. For where Shakespeare and his contemporaries build vertically, alternating the main plot with a subplot, Brecht builds horizontally, providing an uninterrupted presentation of the main plot in Part One, then suspending this in Part Two in order to return to the initial point of time for the subplot, then combining both plots at the end. Technically, this gives the impression of two separate actions converging on each other, and finding their moment of impact in the climactic scene of the chalk circle.

The main plot is a story of flight. Like the gentlewoman Rosalind, the peasant Grusha is forced to flee the city as a result of usurpation and revolt. Having saved the abandoned child of the dead

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Andrei Voznesensky is at present on a lecture tour of the US. His poems are from *Antiworlds*, a book of his work edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward containing translations by W. H. Auden, Jean Garigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith and Richard Wilbur which will be published in May by Basic Books. Robert Lowell's remarks served as the introduction to Voznesensky's reading in New York last month.

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Governor's wife, she risks her life for her maternal instinct, struggling with pursuing soldiers, passing over dangerous bridges, marrying a dying man who (like Dan Burke in Synge's *Shadow of the Glen*) immediately revives to plague her, and almost sacrificing her returning lover, Simon. Grusha Vashnadze, the sweetest and most generous of Brecht's child-loving heroines, is eclipsed as a character only by Azdak, one of the finest rascals in the whole of dramatic literature. Azdak functions as a Lord of Misrule – the Shakespearean rogue crossed with Charlie Chaplin and Groucho Marx. Drunken, corrupt, lazy, and lecherous, Azdak is nevertheless responsible for the only acts of justice in this primitive, strife-torn land. For once having been appointed magistrate as a consequence of a prank, he uses bourgeois legal chicanery in order to pass down anti-bourgeois legal decisions: "Statute and rule he broke like a loaf to feed the folk." Azdak, whose password is "I accept," is a monumental bribe-taker, but he always manages to blunder into the most human decision, Brecht's ironic point being that in a corrupt world like our own, justice is served only through error or subterfuge. It is through such practices that Grusha is awarded the child and reunited with her lover in Brecht's charming final scene.

The Azdak episodes are the most brilliant in the play; they are also the most impressive in the current production, thanks to Robert Symonds. Symonds is, I think, essentially miscast in this role which belongs to a tragic clown like Zero Mostel or Jonathan Winters (or even a good burlesque top banana), but though he plays the part for character rather than for comedy, he does capture its appetitive aspect, and he has exciting moments during the scene of the chalk circle. Elizabeth Huddle seems better cast as Grusha, with her apple cheeks and peasant walk, but she lacks sufficient power or poignance and her voice is too monochromatic, while Brock Peters as the Storyteller adds a sanctimonious bass-baritone tedium to the proceedings, along with excessive hands-on-hips posturing. Ray Fry is very funny indeed as a horny monk, crossing Grusha before her marriage and letting his benediction con-

clude on her left breast, but most of the other actors would be more at home in Liggett's than the Caucasus, and rarely convince one they know anything about the death and pain of which they speak. Eric Bentley's version of the play is his best Brecht translation (though marred a little by American colloquialisms), but Morton Subotnick's tuneless music is enervating, and the all-girl trio that sits on stage to sing and play it would be better employed in some Balalaika nightclub.

Two final complaints, the first about the director's mishandling of certain key scenes. Grusha's flight across the rotten bridge, for example, was obviously written to be staged across the back of the theatre for maximum Pearl White thrills, but Jules Irving has staged it towards the audience with inevitable loss of excitement. Then, Irving also muffs the scene in which Grusha, having found Simon again, is asked by the Ironshirts whether she is the true mother of the child. This should be a moment of anguish for Grusha since her answer will lead either to the loss of Simon (if she answers yes) or of the child (if she answers no); yet the actress makes her reply without a moment's hesitation. In this way, the separate scenes of the play lose their value and rhythm – lose, in short, the inspiration with which Brecht conceived them.

My final complaint is a more fundamental one, and concerns the acting company as a whole. There is something courageous in the refusal of Blau and Irving to alter substantially the group that came from San Francisco, but there is something foolhardy about it too: the old members of the company have failed to grow sufficiently, and the recently added members are not very good. I think it is time to admit that the spirit of the Actors Workshop is simply not transferable to Lincoln Center, for what is exciting and adventurous in a small theatre functioning on a modest budget may only look sloppy and amateurish in a plush theatre provided with all available means, especially when those means are permitted to dominate. If we acknowledge this fact, only two alternatives are plausible for Blau and Irving: either to abandon the main stage

of the Vivian Beaumont and continue work on its smaller experimental stage, or to abandon most of the present company and close up ranks with the finest available repertory-trained performers (not stars). A young explora-

tory company and an old establishment audience do not make ideal bedfellows, and so far neither theatrical advance nor official culture have been very well served by the results.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

On the Beach in Nebraska

In the handsome new art museum designed by Philip Johnson at the University of Nebraska, there has just opened a large retrospective and memorial exhibition of Milton Avery. Later in the spring the show will serve as the inaugural exhibition of the new museum in Little Rock. There is something appropriate about Avery being associated with new museum buildings. Increasingly since his death last year, he has been recognized as one of the giants of American painting in the middle of the century, yet he eludes any effort to place him definitively within a group, manner, even decade. On the contrary, in a painting career traced in the Nebraska show from 1929 to a couple of years ago, Avery pursued his own course, independent of vogue, yet related to a great deal of what has been going from decade to decade.

His fundamental themes of the American landscape conveniently relate in subject to the kind of painting that was just coming into existence as Avery was coming toward artistic maturity, the American Scene of the 1930's. Avery was anything but regionalist in the sense of that time. Yet in the pictures from then until his death, there is a place identification with the New England shore, Cape Cod especially and the beaches of Maine.

The mature style reduced those scenes to a handful of planes, sometimes in contrasting colors, sometimes in tones only very subtly distinguished from one another. In so doing, Avery was drawing upon the advanced reaches of cubism still around when he was starting. He was also anticipating by several decades the later phenomena variously known as hard-edge and color painting. At the same time, he was being faithful

to his beloved subject, the seas and beaches of New England. On Cape Cod, along the Maine coast, out on Long Island, before or after the summer season, there are places that have already reduced themselves to Avery's austere arrangements of planes. Add fog, as those locales often do in the off-season, and you aren't very far away from Avery's abstractions.

Oddly enough, all this beach view is quite appropriate in Lincoln, Nebraska. It's not a sudden exposure to another country, like the revelation of Japan to Paris a hundred years ago. If you stand at the principal intersection in downtown Lincoln, you gradually realize that you can look in four directions and see absolutely nothing at the ends of the streets. North, south, east, west, you are gazing from Main Street to infinity. That kind of space is the kind Avery found looking out from the shore, and that he painted so compellingly for over thirty years of unflagging production and steadily increasing mastery of means and vision.

There is another element on the prairie that Avery sensed on the shore and got into his paintings. This is the feeling of a cosmic pulse beating behind the skin of nature, the view from the center of Lincoln or from the beach in New England. In nature you catch it most clearly from the sun. It manifests itself in optics and in thermics, if there are such things. The easiest way is lying on the beach. You pick up a beat behind your eyelids and presently you feel it also along your arms and legs and on your back. It may be your own pulse, but you don't get it in the house. You can experience the same kind of rhythmic response to

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nature on the prairie. This element informs all the painting of Milton Avery. In the work of the last decade or so, it is liberated, as it were, and given a more prominent part in the paintings.

The way it appears is as a loose system of paint swatches laid on over the ground paint and in the same general tone. This method goes just about all the way back in Avery and it explains a good deal of the compelling quality we find in his work, but until a decade

or so before his death, the method was usually followed with subtlety, even diffidence. An example at Lincoln is an absolutely breathtaking picture of three sailboats in a deep fog. They are barely seen but they are there. The tone is beige and the picture is quietly hypnotic, as so much of Avery is. If you examine the surface closely you find that far from laying on in great even strokes, in the manner of hard-edge or color painting, Avery painted this

rather substantial canvas, all of a tone, as if he were painting details in a still life. The strokes are small and myriad and it is from their individual identity, surviving within the overall beige fog, that the subtle beat arises, capturing the eye and the pulse of the viewer.

Consider, by contrast, one of the most impressive pictures he ever painted, the rich "Tangerine Moon and Wine Dark Sea," of 1959. The wine-dark sea is that way by reason of its reds and blacks and purples, all floating over one another in easy, obvious strokes. The horizon is the line of lights at Wellfleet, seen from Avery's place at Provincetown. Above the line of tiny lights appears that tangerine moon, so not only in color but also in shape, looking like a segment of the citrus fruit. Behind it, in a great horizontal band, is a hot pink sky, again composed of pink on pink in easy strokes. The compelling effect of all this is that the line of lights at Wellfleet actually appears the dimmest thing in the picture. Sky and sea both vibrate with the paint strokes of which they are made and with the corresponding pulse of nature itself.

You used to hear it said that Avery was a kind of American Matisse. Nowadays he is more often compared to Rothko and there are observers unlearned enough to suggest that the last phase of Avery, the large-size canvases of sea, beach and sky, were derived from Rothko's horizontal rectangles of color. The two men did work together for some years off and on, but if there is a relationship it is probably the other way around. At any rate Avery was certainly operating in his mature style well before Rothko found his.

The Matisse comparison is more interesting. There are similarities, certainly, though Avery never set foot in France until he was long established. The differences are more rewarding than the similarities. There is an austere, Yankee quality in Avery at variance with the Mediterranean ebullience of Matisse. The French master wished to make an art as comfortable as a good armchair, and he succeeded. The American's art is more nearly described as a swim in the ocean off Maine.

FRANK GETLEIN

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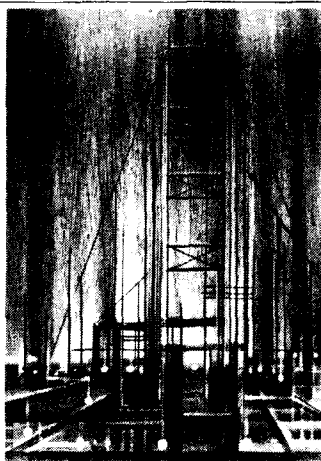
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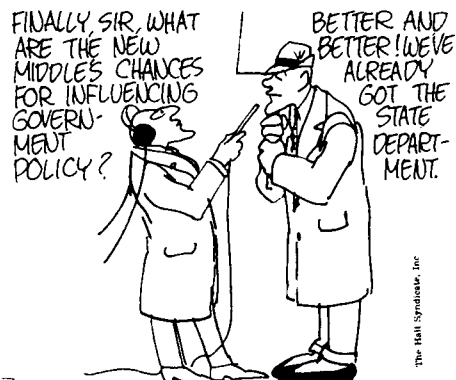
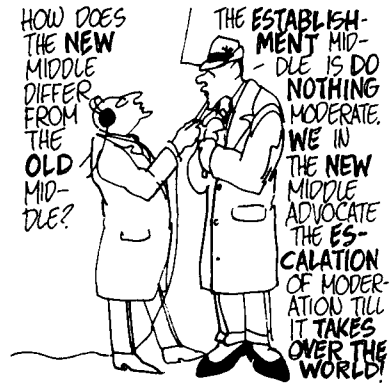
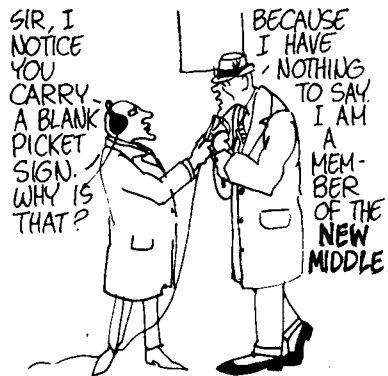
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Correspondence**Uranium Mystery**

Sirs:

The story entitled, "Uranium Mystery in the Colorado Basin," (March 5), has come to our attention. We would like to comment on several inaccuracies in this article, in particular the assertion that the AEC opposes the release of a Public Health Service report on uranium mill tailings.

The Commission has not opposed, nor does it now oppose, the release of any report by the Public Health Service on uranium mill tailings. As a matter of fact, the report in question—on the Colorado River Basin—was prepared as a result of a request made by the Commission's staff in August 1963 that the PHS assemble and evaluate radiological data on rivers and streams near uranium mills. At the request of PHS, we have commented on the technical aspects of the report. Our understanding is that the report is now being completed for early issuance.

Your story suggests that there exist at the present time serious radiological safety hazards in rivers and reservoirs from the presence of tailings piles in the Colorado Basin. All available data, including published PHS data, confirm the conclusion that there is no present radiological safety problem in these waters from the uranium mill tailings.

There are a number of technical inaccuracies in your story. For example, you say "... some of the piles have been eroded to the point that as far downstream as 30 miles, radium 226 has been found in quantities estimated to be twice the maximum permissible concentration recommended by the government for human consumption."

That statement appears to have been based on a situation which existed in 1958 when a mill at Durango, Colorado, was discharging solids and liquids directly into the Animas River. In 1959, as a result of AEC and PHS action, the mill discontinued releasing solid tailings to the river and the radium concentration declined rapidly to levels well below drinking water levels. Thus, though your story implies that this is a current situation and due to erosion

of tailings piles into the river, it was in fact due to direct discharge to the river which has long since been corrected.

The article further states . . . "In the Lake Powell and Lake Mead reservoirs downstream from the mills, the concentrations of radium 226 have been shown to be as much as three times maximum permissible levels . . ."

This statement is a misquotation. The report actually refers to levels in the bottom sediments of Lake Mead which were reported to be "three times the background levels." Background radiation is that radiation which occurs naturally in our environment. What is important from a health and safety consideration is the levels of radioactivity in the water. The Public Health Service conducts continuing studies of drinking water levels of radium 226 in Lake Mead and in the Colorado River at Page, Arizona (immediately below Lake Powell). On the basis of PHS published data, the concentrations of radium 226 in the water at these points are only a very small fraction of concentrations permissible under government standards.

Philippe G. Jacques

Division of Public Information
Atomic Energy Commission

In reply:

If the Atomic Energy Commission never opposed the release of the Public Health Service's report on uranium mill tailings why did AEC officials go to the PHS offices in December and argue that its publication would cause "public hysteria"? The original report was dated October, 1965, but was released finally after this journal first called attention to its existence in March, 1966.

The AEC says, "All available data, including published PHS data, confirm the technical conclusion that there is no present radiological safety problem in

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Even the most cursory reading of this report would suggest there is a potentially dangerous situation in the Colorado River and we wait with interest to see what the government does about it.

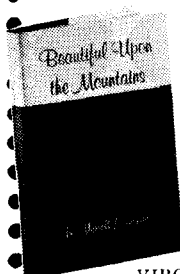
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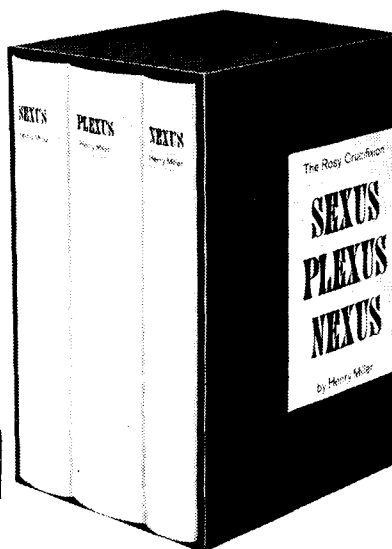
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